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Vol. LI. No. 10
New Series

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People

MARCH, 1923



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MISS MAY PETERSON, PRIMA DONNA
"The Golden Girl of the Metropolitan Opera"



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



THERE was the usual "night before" Congress adjourned. The Capitol was all ablaze with lights. The prisms in the chandeliers gleamed like jewels through the windows. The electric light was ablaze in the very tip of the dome, indicating Congress was "at work." It seemed like a gala night—a great social event. Galleries were packed and corridors crowded with people. There was a rush now to the Senate and now to the House. Amendments were coming thick and fast on the floor at either end of the Capitol. Conferees were hanging on like a disagreeing jury. Senator Willis was protesting against the Cummins bill for providing for the re-distribution of the German property seized during the war, and held by the United States as custodian, before some arrangements were made for paying the bills of the Army on the Rhine. Senator Pat Harrison was tapping the arm of his chair, preparing, like the old baseball player, to send a spit-ball across the plate. Senator Warren was gathering up the ragged ends of the Appropriation Bills. Senator King, well in the front row, was lambasting in good form. Senator Norris was there with objections. New Senators and members of the House of Representatives were wandering about in the back row—looking for a real row. Senator Johnson popped in—and popped out. Senator Robinson was getting in full swing as minority leader. Senator Curtis, the whip, was watching the clock and saying "gid up!"

In the waiting room of the Senate constituents gathered in eddies. The cushions on the seats are filled with air—pneumatic—not at all suggestive of Senatorial procedure, but rather of comfort, said a young lady as she sank in them and remarked to the blushing swain that it was "Saturday night."

* * * * *

THERE are some reminders of "G H Q" and Chamont in the room at the War Department, where General John J. Pershing, clad in khaki, continues his work. His quick, elastic step indicates prime physical condition, and his firm grasp of the details in dispatching his work indicates that in the five years that have passed since the Armistice, Black Jack has not relaxed the life-long habits of eternal vigilance and soldierly qualities.

On the wall are photographs—reminders of that historic greeting he made to France. What a contrast and change between the scene in this work-a-day office and the days at the headquarters at Chamont and in Paris during those dark days of March, 1918.

There are two utterances of General Pershing that will live in history. First, the one on his arrival in France: "Lafayette, we are here," and his words to Marshal Foch when it seemed that all was lost in March, 1918: "Do with us as you like." He spoke for America.

General Pershing still talks as he commanded, in a courageous,

straightforward manner. It is not often that he makes a public address, but when he does, he proves that he is a wise statesman as well as a seasoned soldier.

Born in Laclede, Missouri, his early life was surcharged with the spirit of Americanism.

In an address before the Women's Republican Club in Boston, he attacked Parlor Soviets and those who are poisoning the minds of women with socialism and the doctrines that have brought ruin to Europe. He marveled that Americans should listen complacently to the doctrine of revolution which had cost the blood of their own sons and fathers. He protests against the teaching that any army is a threat and that an officer of the law is a tyrant. The insidious doctrines and honeyed words in the guise of peace talk have already cultivated the dangerous germs of Sovietism. An eloquent appeal was made against the agitators trying to scuttle the Ship of State that has so many times successfully sailed the troubled seas:

"It is well known that dangerous elements are moving toward a revolution in America, and that those who would destroy us work both openly and secretly."

General Pershing has undaunted faith in the American people's appreciation of the blessing of free government, despite the great number of foreign born, ignorant of



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GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

the language and institutions of the country, who furnish the inflammable material on which the agitators are working. Insisting that there must be created in the minds of coming generations, both by example and precept, a respect for law and authority without which government must fail, the veteran Commander of the A. E. F. struck the keynote of the ideals in the minds of the American doughboy when he donned and doffed the khaki after service under a flag that has represented these principles so many years.

* * *

IN the Executive Room at the Capitol, used only in rush hours, the President was signing bills with the rapidity of payroll checks, on Sunday as high noon approached. Everyone—especially Senators—seemed to be happy at the prospect of getting away, for it has been many years since Congress has had a prospect of a nine months' vacation. Legislators will now have a chance to become acquainted with their constituents.

Gravely and sedately the sixty-seventh Congress adjourned in the Senate on the tick of the watch at high noon on Sunday, March 4. Vice-President Coolidge refused to use the Latin *sine die*, and quietly proclaimed, "The Senate stands adjourned without day."

* * *

WHEN Harry S. New was sworn in as Postmaster-General, there was a feeling that a man of strong and experienced executive ability was at the helm. He did not wait long to look upon the flowers, but at once tackled the job with the zest of an old campaigner. He could not resist complimenting his

predecessor, Dr. Work, and his able assistants in the splendid work they had accomplished in humanizing the greatest business organization in the world.

The new Postmaster-General will be recognized by the old-style, broad-brimmed hat he has always worn. His father wore the same style hat, and he began wearing them even before he entered political life. Indiana is distinctive in hats. President Benjamin Harrison was charged with wearing his grandfather's hat, in which were pasted the words of the old campaign song: "Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too."

The first gratifying fact discovered by General New was that the post-offices all over the country were showing a steady increase of business, which is counted an unerring barometer of better times and general prosperity. The post-office is as sensitive as the bank to business fluctuations.



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Former Senator Harry S. New of Indiana, recently appointed Postmaster-General when Doctor Hubert Work became Secretary of the Interior

AMONG the throng of over a hundred thousand people on Armistice Day, looking upon the exercises, there was one man whom I met that will never be forgotten. In the jam that delayed the President going, I found myself swept along in the human tide ebbing toward the city. Utterly lost from all means and methods of transportation, without dinner or hopes of anything but a long, long hike, a-hungering, I saw a kindly-faced man, smiling at my strides, who stopped at the side of the road and graciously threw open the door of his motor car. It was the manner of the act that would make me never forget him. Then there was the offer of that cigarette—just like the buddy boys overseas—and the acquaintance flowered.

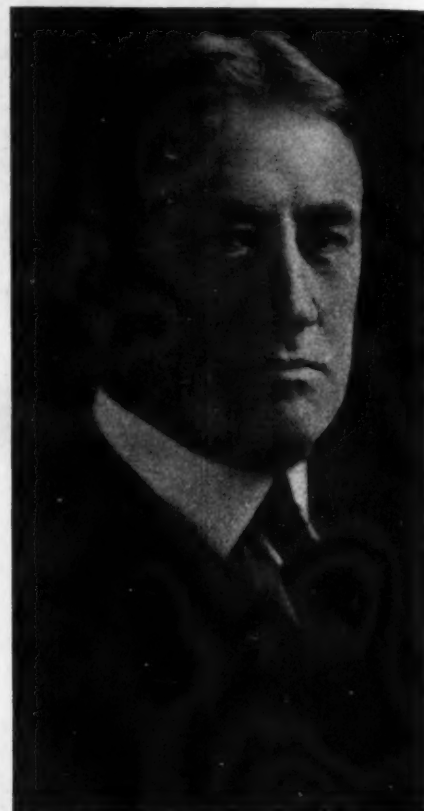
It proved to be Allen F. Moore, Congressman from the Nineteenth District of Illinois. His district includes Champaign, where the famous State University is located. Perhaps that is why my first impression was that whatever else, he was a student as well as a real gentleman helping out his fellowman.

In the most casual chat, I found a Congressman who knew about things—one who was thoroughly in love with his work, thoughtful of others and enthusiastic in constructive legislative ideas. He was the sort of a man that all manner of constituents, ex-service men, farmers, business men, boys and girls would feel like writing to on any problem before Congress. He takes a sympathetic and personal interest in what you say, as well as in every letter received, adopting for the rule of his business life to answer every letter, if possible, on the day received, and never shirk a responsibility. In Allen Frances Moore every acquaintance found, first of all, a friend maker of the Abou Ben Adhem type.

Looking about for a quiet, level-headed, logical and efficient Congressman, one that might be retained for efficient Congressional service of the spartan sort, selected from the roll-call, the arrow would point to the name of Allen F. Moore. There is nothing spectacular in his make-up, but, businesslike, he buckles down to Representative routine with the same conscientious public purpose with which he has so intently conducted his own private affairs.

With characteristic modesty, he utilizes only five lines in the Congressional Directory to give the biographic facts required, but it would take five hundred pages for a detailed chronological record of the definite things he has accomplished during his busy life.

Allen F. Moore was born in St. Charles, Illinois, in '69. His youth was that of the average youth of a boy in the Mid-West. He attended school, played, dreamed dreams, but early inclined toward a business career. He went to Chicago at twenty, after



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Congressman Allen F. Moore of Illinois

his graduation from Lombard College at Galesburg, Illinois, and studied the equations of business; attended a business college because he had a specific purpose of going into business for himself.

In 1899 he purchased the business of W. B. Caldwell & Co. at Monticello, where he was then living. The story of this business development is the basis of Allen F. Moore's biography. He applied himself unreservedly to the fundamental principles of confidence, and built up a trade based upon the individual fate that goes to the family doctor, for all over the country the product of his factory is known as a reliable article on the shelves of every drug store.

Elected to the sixty-seventh Congress in 1920, receiving sixty-three thousand votes—a majority of nearly twenty-eight thousand—the people of the district found in Allen Moore, the man who was Mayor of his home town in 1901, an efficient public servant.

He is a lover of his home and the home folks, evidenced in the beautiful home and grounds he has built at Monticello, where he began his career as a manufacturer in the making of Doctor W. B. Caldwell's Pepsin Syrup.

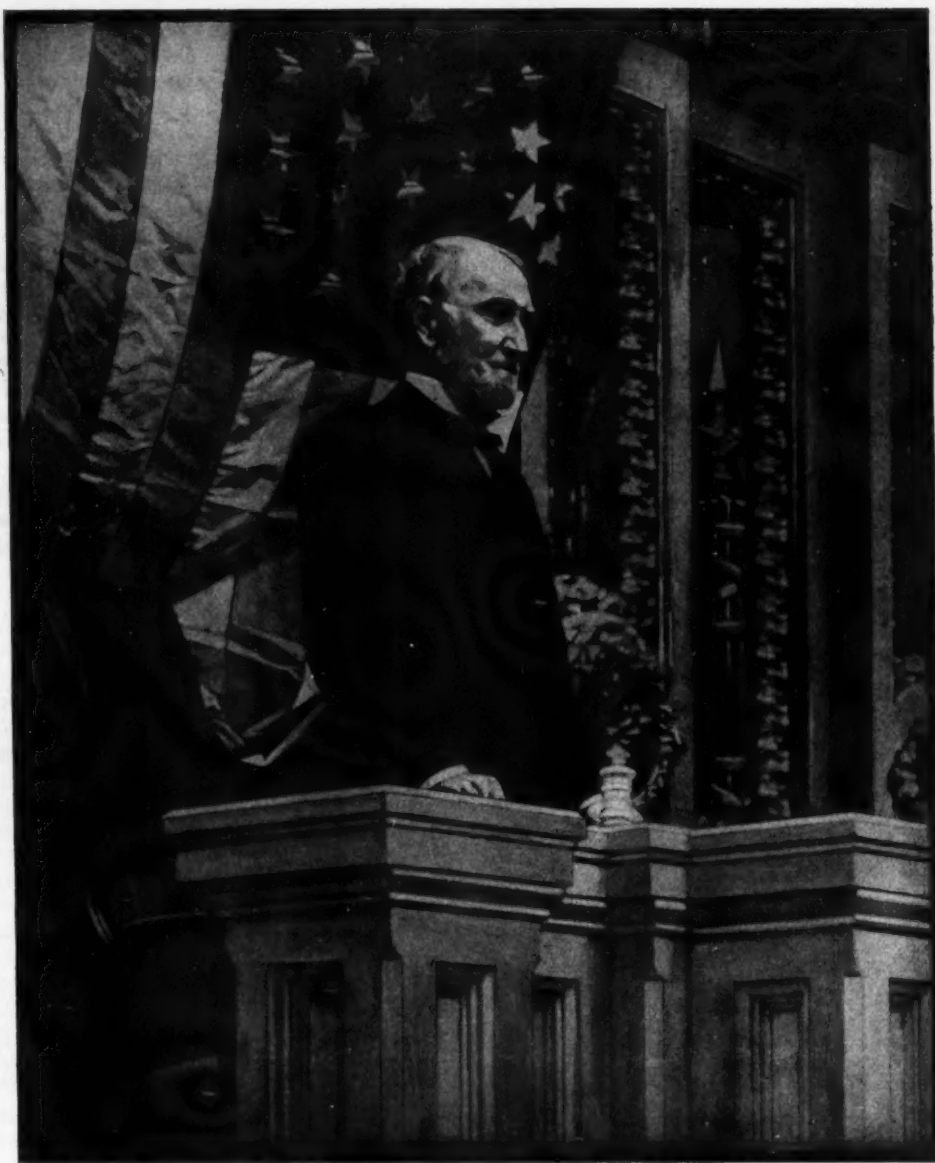
As trustee of the University of Illinois, he has assisted in making this school one of the best institutions of learning in the land.

Although a new member of Congress, he is known as one of the balance wheels, and his colleagues on various important committees seek his advice and judgment, for it is in the committee room and in the quiet of his office and around the director's table that the abilities of Allen F. Moore stand out. He knows how to plan and has that understanding look and way that begets confidence, for it is known that when Allen F. Moore, in his earnest, quiet, direct manner, reaches a conclusion, there is something solid back of that conclusion. He is slow to promise, but sure to fulfill—one who responds unreservedly to every responsibility which he accepts.

* * *

HIGH up in the Speaker's chair, "Uncle Joe" Cannon won pre-eminent fame. For fifty years he served the public—with "one leave of absence for two years"—the longest legislative career of any man in the history of legislative bodies of all times. In olden days, fifteen years was the limit, but "Uncle Joe" went through the fight and exemplified a leadership that accomplished things in Congress. With four hundred and thirty-five members, legislating for one hundred and ten million people, Congress without a leader with authority has become more or less aimless, and seems to accomplish little that wins popular favor.

At the ripe age of eighty-seven, Uncle Joe has returned to his home at Danville, "to rest up," as he says, and think over incidents of his long and eventful public career. During the



"Uncle Joe" Cannon, after half a century in Congress, retires to private life at the age of 87 years, with the sincere best wishes of the entire country for a happy and peaceful period of contemplative calm. His has been a picturesque and spectacular career—and the longest in point of service of any man in the history of legislative bodies

last days of his official life in Washington he was given ovations and paid tributes that would do credit to the career of a President of the United States.

He was present at the last play-time party of his colleagues in the Senate and the House, and delivered a speech full of philosophy and rugged common sense.

With the omnipresent cigar tilted in his mouth, and his head lowered, looking up with the same old sparkle in his blue eyes, placing some napkins under his legs on his chair as a cushion, "Uncle Joe" was a picture of rugged Americanism. His shaven upper lip suggested the style of wearing beards and whiskers in ancient days, but in everything that "Uncle Joe" has done there has always been the enthusiasm of youth.

He was the one man in the sixty-seventh Congress who was associated with Abraham Lincoln, and many an eye glistened with tears as "Uncle Joe" bade farewell, as he passed for the last time across the threshold of the House of Representatives, where he had helped to make history, amid a wave of good-byes and Godspeed for him to round out a century of years in a span of life that bridges the most vital and important periods in the history of the Republic.

THERE is always something Lincolnesque in the way Governor Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary of the Treasury, tells a story. It always has a point and is always told with a sober face and twinkling eyes.

He is one of the liveliest young men in the capital. His notable career as Secretary of the Treasury in the administration of



Hon. Leslie M. Shaw

Theodore Roosevelt, and Governor of the State of Iowa, gives him a fund of reminiscence, but he is thinking more of the days of today and tomorrow than of yesterday. His level-headed judgment is often sought in conferences held at the Wardman Park Hotel. Governor Leslie M. Shaw does not believe in Fletcherizing—eating slowly. He has proved that people who eat fast or as nature demands, seem to take care of their body better than those who masticate and think over their stomach troubles all the time. He insists more on mental Fletcherizing. He tells the story of a quaint old character who wanted to be appointed Consul to round out his political career. The Secretary who had the appointment was an old boyhood friend, but a stickler on formality. His old chum did not recognize formalities, as, pushing by the messengers and secretaries, in making his entrance, he greeted his old pal

as in the old days, saying, "I would like to be Consul at Sheol."

The Secretarial dignity was somewhat ruffled at his old pal's presumption. Twirling his thumbs, he replied:

"Now, Jim, all right. You and I were old boyhood friends, and I like you, but I would like to see you observe the customs of official life and make your entrance and request in the proper way." He turned about in his swivel chair with a dignified scowl and motioned Jim to make a re-entrance.

Jim promptly made his exit. The card was sent in and all formalities observed. Finally when the last door was passed and he stood meekly and humbly before the official who turned in a most lordly way and said:

"What can I do for you? Have you made the application for Consul? Now, I can help you in the proper way."

"You can go to hell in the good old way," said Jim, kicking open the door and shouting back, "Give the devil my card and become Consul to Sheol, sir!"

* * *

ON the House side there was more hilarity and humaneness, everybody paying tributes to each other. Leader Mondell was given a silver set in the Floor Leader's room, but the climax was reached when Uncle Joe passed through the House

with a hearty cheer. As he turned and looked back from the threshold in those last seconds of his busy official life, there were tears in many eyes. He looked high up to the Speaker's Chair where he had presided for eight stormy years like a Gibraltar against the assaults within and without his party. He was the last of the Speakers who wielded a gavel of supreme power. In the chair at the time was Representative Philip R. Campbell, who had presided during the closing hours. He, too, was retiring after twenty years of service, and closed his Congressional career from the exalted position of authority. It was a real "close of Congress" officially for many. Corridors in the House and Senate Office Building were filled with chests and mail bags, and everybody was saying good-bye. Already some of the Congressmen's valises were labeled for a trip to Panama on the U. S. S. *Henderson*.

"The night before" session continued uninterrupted through the wee sma' hours. It recalled the dawn of Good Friday, the April morning when war was declared in 1917. The sky-line of Washington from the Capitol building was a study in glorious gray, suggesting the dream of Washington—the picture he envisioned when he arose at early hours to return to Mt. Vernon.

* * *

THE morning of the last day, March 4, dawned clear, the anniversary of Inauguration Day. The day was followed with the March blizzard. A record of weather reports have given emphatic reasons for the changing of Inauguration Day to January 1st instead of March 4th, but it is difficult to change things that have been fixed by traditions.

* * *

STARTLING indeed are the wonders of aviation. On the very clouds, at high noon, an aviator with his machine, used as the point of a pencil, was writing in letters which were half a mile high, but appeared about thirty feet high, the word "Lucky," streaming out in lines of pure white. What a thrill to literally see the heavens "declaring the glory" of the country that seemed to be under the star of good fortune and the goddess of "Luck." At night one could fancy the message reaching from the tip of Venus to Jupiter, brightening the very heavens with pillars of fire in livid letters, giving a message to the world. Aeroplanes have also been scattering sand-charged electricity, dispelling the very clouds and bringing rain at Dayton, Ohio. As one philosopher remarked: "All this is teaching people to 'look up and not down.'" That is the spirit of America, looking up and not down.

* * *

FIRST impressions are often the best, and I often long to know them. The following description of the Supreme Court-room was written by a subscriber of the NATIONAL, and it tells an interesting story of a part of the Capitol that is historic:

"The Supreme Court-room was formerly the Senate Chamber. It is a small, half-oval room, with six half-circle lights. Just above the seats of the Judges is the largest one of the sky lights. These little windows, high in this half-circular room, furnish all the outside light. In the rear of the Bench are red velvet hangings, and behind these draperies are windows looking out over the Congressional Library. These windows one seldom sees—from the audience—for the curtains completely hide them from view and make a background for the Judges.

"There was a cheerful little grate fire burning at the right of the Bench, where sit the Judges. This gave a homey touch in the dignified room. At exactly twelve o'clock, Chief Justice Taft and the Associate Justices, clad in dark robes, entered this little room and solemnly took their places. There is no varying of the schedule.

"Associate Justice Sanford, of Knoxville, Tennessee, was sworn in by Chief Justice Taft in seven minutes. He took his seat at the end of the line, to the left of Mr. Taft. At exactly twelve-thirty the gavel sounded, everybody stood up, the

curtains parted—and Mr. Sanford appeared. Here just behind Mr. Taft's chair, with the light streaming in through the windows, he took the oath of office as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

"My interest in the procedure was chiefly the room itself; the dignity of the Court; and the people assembled. The seats were arranged in half-circles, fitting the architecture of the room. Miss Alice Robertson, Congresswoman from Oklahoma, had a seat in the front row. It always is interesting to watch Miss Alice. The respect she won from her colleagues is remarkable, and she deserves every kindly thing said of her.

"On the walls about the Supreme Court-room are statues of the various Chief Justices who have served. Above the Bench is a tiny gallery, with a very low ceiling. In years gone by, the wives of the members of the Senate assembled here to hear the orations of Webster, Calhoun, and Clay."

* * *

ELEVENTH-HOUR events counted in the closing minutes of the sixty-seventh Congress. The closing days of the sixty-seventh Congress marked the usual rush for last-minute legislation. The verdicts varied. Some felt that much had been done that should have been left undone, and much left undone that should have been done, but altogether the record of the sixty-seventh Congress is not lacking in an imposing array of after-the-war legislation.

The filibuster furor, has lost the zip of the old times. It is no longer a novelty, but a mere legislative trick without calling out original ideas or initiative. It is simply a question of talk, talk, talk—but this time even the talk lacked novelty. There was lacking the old grim determination and hand-to-hand contest of days ago. The anticipation of it all took off the bloom. Popular approval comes and goes like the tides of the sea. There has been the usual ebb and flow in the Harding administration, but the President's message asking the United States to become a full participant in the permanent court of international law established at The Hague met a wave of hearty approval. It was even hailed with delight by the opponents and proponents of the League of Nations, and everybody found a crumb of satisfaction in the President's course.

The Court was created under a provision of the Treaty of Versailles, and the council of which Elihu Root was a member appointed a Committee of eminent jurists and advisors. John Bassett Moore of the United States was one of the eleven principal members. As in the proposition for the payment of the English duty, there was a unanimity that was refreshing in a Congress that has been characterized by bitter factional fights as well as partisan contests.

It is recalled that the President has not forgotten his campaign pledges. As one newspaper man has remarked, he seems to carry a great deal in the back of his head, and you do not have to look twice at Warren G. Harding to understand he has not only poise and determination, but a good memory also.

Congress is to be commended for standing with the President on matters of international policy.

* * *

THERE is now only one Republican Senator from the South. There is something of the old-time Henry Clay spirit of hospitality in Senator Richard Pretlow Ernst of Kentucky. Born on the last day of February in 1858, in Covington, on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River, where Eliza crossed on the ice, almost in the shadow of Cincinnati, he has ever remained a real Kentuckian.

After graduating from the Chickering Academy in Cincinnati, he spent four years at Centre College, Kentucky, where he graduated in 1878 with degree of B. A., completing his law course at the University of Cincinnati in 1880, a classmate of Chief Justice Taft. In the same year he began practicing law in Kentucky and Ohio, making his shingle bridge the river and making friends in both states.

Richard P. Ernst is, first of all, a friend-maker, but it was not long until his ability won him a high place in his profession. He is a good business man, as well as a lawyer, and one of those level-headed, far-visioned Kentuckians who believe in the state of Daniel Boone.

During his practice of law in Cincinnati he seemed to catch the Ohio formula of knowing how to run for office and being elected. His election to the Senate in 1920 was a notable tribute to his personal popularity and an appreciation of the long services which he had given the Republican party in times when success in Kentucky seemed hopeless, but Senator Ernst is one persistent cuss, and he just kept right on being a Republican, landslide or no landslide.

Even in the avalanche year of 1920 he ran ahead of President Harding, enjoying the distinction of being the only Senator who received more votes than the President in the year of towering majorities.

For many years he has been deeply interested in educational work in Kentucky and Ohio. He is trustee of three colleges in Kentucky, and one in Ohio. He always keeps the proportions right. His generosity to charitable and civic enterprises has been unstinted.

As a delegate to Republican National Conventions from his district and the state at large, he ranks as a leader in national party affairs. His services for the old Kentucky folks in his first term has been most gratifying to his colleagues, and the increasing number of admirers and constituents speak well for Senator Ernst. He has the real, original broad, Boone-loving, hospitable Kentucky spirit.

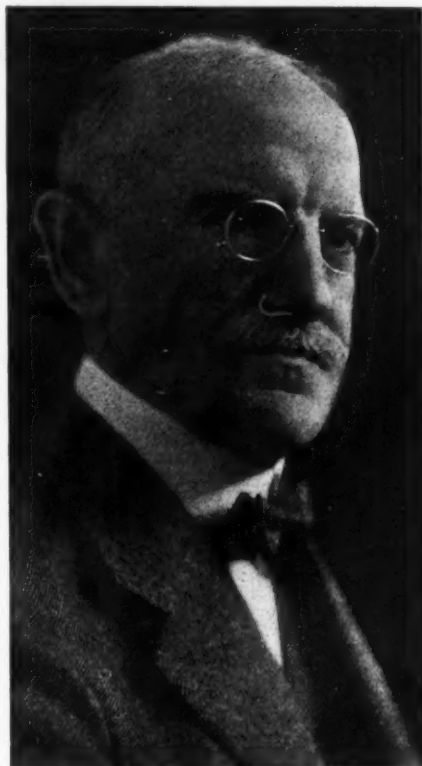


Photo by Harris & Ewing

Hon. Richard P. Ernst of Kentucky, the only Republican Senator from the South

* * *

SPRING styles come with April showers, suggesting the cycles of fashion in the progress of civilization. There always appears to be a "come-back." In ancient Egypt the women penciled their eyebrows, covered their ears and rouged their lips and cheeks. There were sleeves and sans sleeves. In fact, there was sans in most everything in the way of attire, which proves that womenkind conserve as well as initiate in the march of civilization and its attire. She changes the style of hats and clothes, and keeps pace with the season, indicating the progressive mind. It makes the old seem new. Fashions are a reflection of the popular mind in art, legislative, and business activities. Dame Fashion's decrees are the unwritten laws of human nature craving changes to harmonize with the radiotic theory that everything is in motion. Philosophers and sages have never been able to determine just where, why, or how a fashion starts and why it ends.

From a Connecticut Hill Farm to the Executive Mansion

Governor of the Charter Oak State—How Governor Charles A. Templeton made his choice of going into business or entering Yale—Business won

PERHAPS more than of any other New England State it may be said that the leaders of the bar, of business, of the ministry and of the government of Connecticut come from the country towns. This was true in the time of the Revolution—and it is equally true today. The countryside of the Nutmeg State breeds a sturdy, upstanding, Godfearing and patriotic race in whom brains and brawn are happily commingled.

When Charles A. Templeton was inaugurated Governor of Connecticut in 1923, it was the triumph of another farm boy. He was born in the early '70's on a New England farm—a lean-to Connecticut farm—up-ended and squeezed in among the hills. It was not a land of rolling prairies flowing with milk and honey. The first consciousness of Charlie Templeton was that he would have to work. And "Always at it" has been his middle name.

At seven, outside of school hours, he did odd jobs around a clock shop at twenty-five cents a day. On his tenth birth-day he was an apprentice in the Seth Thomas Clock Company. With the maturity of thirteen he had become a full-fledged toolmaker and machinist.

Now comes the turning point in his life. At the noon-hour whistle of his fourteenth birthday he found himself hungering for knowledge. He dropped his tools and a good paying job to go back to school. The call of the school bell conquered the whistle for wages. Clerking in a general store after school hours and acting as janitor in a church and school, he managed to fill out a day's measure of work, and his first public honors came when he was appointed assistant postmaster in the small home town.

In his struggles for an education he was helped by a number of Episcopal clergymen, who tutored him that he might enter college and prepare for the ministry. During this time he acted as a lay reader, and understood the importance of the contribution box. You cannot drive business ideas out of a hard-headed Connecticut Yankee. It was the magnet that drew Charlie Templeton towards a practical business career, which began as an assistant bookkeeper in a hardware store at \$2.50 a week.

In 1888 he went to Waterbury and won fame as an athletic champion in the one-hundred-yard dash and as a sprinter. An active enthusiast in baseball and football games, associated with the Y. M. C. A. teams, he made many friends, who tried to induce him to enter Yale. But the hardware merchant with whom he was employed offered to make him bookkeeper at \$1,500 a year, and again the practical influence prevailed. Yale lost a graduate, but the hardware business won a merchant, and Connecticut a governor.

When his employer retired, a fellow-worker offered to back his son and young Charlie Templeton to take over the business. Fifteen years of hard-working team-work partnership followed and then came success. Ten years ago he



GOVERNOR CHARLES A. TEMPLETON of Connecticut is a product of the soil—carrying out that old tradition that from the little villages and the farms nesting amid the green hills of the state have come the men whose names are written large on the pages of her history. His has been a busy and an eventful life, for, in the best and truest and finest sense that a trite old saying can be used—
he is a self-made man

launched a business of his own, and is today president of a corporation bearing his own name and carrying on a wholesale and a retail hardware business in Waterbury that marks him as a business man.

When he was elected Lieutenant-Governor, he had little idea of continuing in public life, but the practical again triumphed. Presiding over the State Senate, he served as Acting Governor so well that it was a natural evolution in public life that he should become Governor of the State. In his service for city and state, he has put in the same ability and concentrated energy and courage that has characterized his business career, always ready to meet the practical problems of the times successfully.

The first President of the Waterbury Rotary Club, he knows what service means. In the prime of life, at the age of fifty, he has various activities—business, social and civic—which exemplify the motto of service. He has gained wide reputation as master of ceremonies at sheep

bakes, clam bakes, or other gatherings where people assemble, mingling in the good old-fashioned neighborly way. Governor Templeton began his gubernatorial duties with an appreciation of the kinship of citizenship in the Commonwealth and of the Nation.

WITH his election, Governor Templeton becomes the chief executive of a state that is unusually rich with historic tradition—a state that played a most important part in the struggle of the colonies for independence.

In the little town of Lebanon, now almost forgotten by the hurrying outside world, still stands as a shrine of American independence a little wooden building where, during the dark days when the fate of the young nation trembled in the balance, were held the weighty deliberations of the Council of Safety to whose wisdom, probity and energy the eventual success of the Continental cause was largely due.

Here, in the humble little gable-roofed wooden building that was Governor Trumbull's office, nearly twelve hundred meetings were held during the War of the Revolution to meet the continual emergencies that arose and to supply the imminent and imperative demands for munitions and supplies for the Continental troops.

The "War Office," as it is still known, under the care and ownership of the Connecticut Society of Sons of the American Revolution, has been repaired and restored to its original condition, and stands as a reminder of the important part that Connecticut played in the struggle for independence.

Despite the discrepancy in their ages, the close bonds of sympathy and understanding that existed between Jonathan Trumbull, the War Governor of Connecticut, and George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, was one of the strongest factors for success at a time when the cause seemed most hopeless.

Washington, in 1775, was forty-three years of age—Governor Trumbull was sixty-five. Instead of relaxing his energies, however, he redoubled them when the dire emergency of war arose, and devoted to the cause of American freedom in self-forgetful and self-sacrificing patriotism the wise experience gained in forty years of public life.

Great emergencies bring forth great men. The emergency that arose in America in 1775 brought forth George Washington, a gentleman farmer, a wealthy aristocrat, who had everything material to lose—nothing material to gain—to be the one invincible leader of a cause almost foredoomed to failure; and Jonathan Trumbull, whose long and arduous services to the colony entitled him to rest and peace, to be the moving force in providing the necessary supplies that just sufficed to keep the Continental Army from starving for lack of food, from freezing for lack of uniforms and tents, from ineffectual defense of a desperate situation for lack of ammunition and arms.

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"Sing, again, with your dear voice

Revealing a tone of some world far from ours."—Shelley

May Peterson—Prima Donna

Plucky little American girl triumphs over all obstacles and gains the heights of operatic success

MAIN STREET has become a famous thoroughfare, perhaps better known than Broadway. In a little frame house on Main Street in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, not very many years ago, a tiny smiling baby girl was born, whose mother declares that the first greeting of the little mite was a song to her. Today that same little girl is one of America's greatest prima donnas. Even when she was wheeled down Main Street, in the baby carriage, to her father's revival meetings, she used to coo and join in the choruses in high glee, with hands clapping and eyes sparkling—the beginning of a career that has brought to her the applause of two continents.

Later as a child when she was playing with blocks, they were not piled on the floor—as other children played with them—but placed on the wire flower stand when the plants were removed. She had seen a pipe organ and heard the music, and observed the banks of keys. The blocks were her keys—and she was building in early childhood dreams the pipe organ that she was going to play when she was a "big girl." One day the blocks fell and struck her on the head, making a bad bruise. Thus her own blood was shed in the dawn of her life ambition, but she kept right on with her own little "pipe organ."

The next step in her musical career was made on the melodion used at revival services, and she was practising on the pipe organ before her little feet could reach the pedals. Her uncle, H. P. Peterson, gave her her first lessons on the piano. She was playing the organ then—at the age of seven—for her father in his Evangelist services. Later she was given lessons by Professor Weaver, and here was gained the grounded knowledge of orchestration which enabled her to go through the critical moment of her operatic debut in France, when the young American prima donna, May Peterson, sang "Manon" without a rehearsal, and appeared for the first time with an orchestra. She knew her score and the other scores as well, and was prepared, after years of training, for the supreme moment.

Childhood days were busy ones for little May Peterson. If there was a church social, she was always called upon to sing. She responded with all her heart and soul because she loved folks and loved to sing. There was one objective for her, and nothing could stand in the way of this one ambition—her music and her art. The sacrifices of transient pleasure and the unending work has counted.

And how May Peterson did work—teaching, singing, and playing. She first went to Chicago and invested her savings in study—study early and late. She had to teach all day and practice for hours at night. There was many a pang of homesickness for the dear old days and the home she had left behind.

The first song May Peterson sang in public was composed by her father—a little child's song with A B C words. Her father was proud of

little May that night. She never forgot her father's teaching—that her voice was not her own, but an instrument loaned to her to give a message to her hearers, and she was always to sing to the back rows. In early years she heard much of her grandfather, the musician, who played at camp meetings, just as John Allen—the grandfather of Nordica—was a musician and a leader at revival meetings. Her mother's father played the violin in Denmark as a member of the First National Guards Orchestra at the Tivoli Gardens at Copenhagen.

While May Peterson was studying in Europe she sent for her mother, intending to take her to visit the old home in Denmark. It was to be a surprise. She was engaged to sing at the Tivoli in Copenhagen, but at the time she did not know of the coincidence. When driving through the city, a friend with her said, "Why, this is where your grandfather played." Then the war came and she was compelled to cancel the date and return to America.

* * *

WHEN May Peterson planned on going to Italy to study, after her struggles in Chicago, she had no idea of studying opera. When she returned to this country and made a success of her concert work, then first came the idea of opera. It was a great day when she left for Italy, with her savings of \$300. She went to newspaper offices in Chicago—knowing that \$300 would not last long—and told the editors she was going to Europe to study, asking them if they would accept articles after she arrived, concerning musical conditions and American students, so that she could supplement her slender revenue. One elderly editor asked her where she was born. She told him.

"You had better go back to Oshkosh and learn how to cook. Doesn't your mother need you there?"

Like a flash May Peterson replied: "I can cook you the best dinner you ever had; have had lots of experience at home. Now I want to get along in my career."

Nothing meant anything to her except the one aim. Consequently, details meant nothing to her if she was accomplishing the thing she set out to do. Finally said the old editor:

"I see you are absolutely sure of yourself. I believe you will get along, too. Send in the articles." She never sent the articles but never forgot his kindness.

In Florence she began singing in church and had plenty of work to do, so the articles were never written—but the kindness was never forgotten.

While on her way to Europe an Englishman on the boat ridiculed American girls who traveled alone—saying that it would not be considered respectable in England. May Peterson replied:

"In America it is what women do, and not what they appear to do, that commands the respect of our gallant cavaliers."



Elgin's Home Photography

MAY PETERSON, American songbird, gracious, beautiful and successful, has realized her golden girlhood dreams of fame in fullest measure. The long, hard hours of teaching and study in Chicago, the days and weeks of study and privation in Germany, Italy and Paris, and the small triumphs at the threshold of her career, were but the stepping stones to a great artistic success.

In her own words she tells of an experience on her trip:

"On board the ship I sang an Italian song in a parrot-like way. I was very sure it was good Italian. I was always ready to sing for everybody at any time. After I had sung this Italian song, some Italians on board came up to me and told me they liked my voice very much, but they did not understand the English words. Then

She was given two months to live by specialists, and they said the best thing for May Peterson to do was to go farther south. She had always wanted to go to France, and now her fate was pulling her on.

"Seventeen seemed to be my lucky number. I had but seventeen francs left when I arrived in France. I went over third class, and during the trip met an old Russian woman on the train.

She did not know anything about Paris and I didn't. I had wired a friend to meet me, but the message was not delivered. The Russian woman could only speak about four or five words in French and Italian, so we went along together. She took me to a place in Paris. In a day or two my friend met me and asked, 'Do you know where you are?' I replied that I did not have the slightest idea—but knew that I was in Paris and in heaven.

"My room was but a little bit bigger than a closet. It was only two francs a day. I went there last summer, and was thrilled because of the memories of what I went through at that time—which was such fun in retrospect. I began housekeeping with two alcohol lamps, doing all my cooking on those lamps, and I never had such a good time as I had then. By accepting every job that was offered to me, I worked my way. The early training at home, taking everything as it came, no matter what it was, helped me during this time."

While in Paris, she studied with Jean de Reszke. Every year three of his pupils were invited to spend the summer with him, which was considered a great privilege. On one occasion May Peterson was fortunate enough to be among the number chosen for this great treat.

AFTER five years of study in Europe she returned to America, and was told her advancement would be quicker if she had a background of opera, and she decided to go back and bombard an opera career. She raised funds in a six-weeks' tour through her home state of Wisconsin, giving twenty-six concerts. Arriving in Paris, she made application for an engagement. In two days her agent called up.

"We have an opening at Vichy. You are to be the artist. Can you do it? You have six weeks in which to prepare."

"All right, I will do it," came the plucky decision.

"I had never sung in an opera, but here was the Rubicon. 'Manon' is one of the most difficult of all French roles. I made up my mind that I was going through with it. I had never been on the opera stage or attended a rehearsal, and my debut was in sight."

"You artists do not need a rehearsal; you are not supposed to have one," said the manager.

"But I wondered how I would know what the tenor was going to do. Well, I got to the performance. I had made up myself every night, as Mary Garden had been kind enough to send me the necessary cosmetics for a make-up, but I thought I had better have a professional make me up. She made me up like a doll, with an enameled face with little bunches of pink. I never would have made up like that."

"How beautifully you sang," the conductor said after the first act. "There is your cue."

"Here was where my musicianship counted; all that instrumental work gave me a foundation. The moment I heard a motive I was right there, and went through the first act without a mistake.

"I was afraid to spend too much money in costumes for fear of not making a success and the money would be wasted, so I rented some costumes. The costumer assured me that some of the other singers did not have clothes as good as he would furnish.

"The conductor told me I had a little bit too much make-up. He told me to put on more flesh color. The enamel on my face had dried so it was impossible to take it off, except by washing it off and making up again—and there was not time. I had to dress for the second scene—a boudoir scene, which required a simple gown. But in the third scene I came out as the supposedly gorgeous 'Manon,' and to be covered with diamonds. But, alas! three of the Court ladies came before me more gorgeously gowned than I. There was nothing to do but go ahead and sing and forget the costume. I went pell mell and sang, and in spite of the poor costumes, I put it over.

"The next morning the manager came to see me, and he thought, in view of the fact that it was my debut and he had never given me a rehearsal, that it was very fortunate it went off so well—and that altogether it was a great triumph."

MAY Peterson thinks singers should take their routine training in opera in Europe, and then they could do something at home, but the vocal foundation should be acquired at home. In Europe there is much more opportunity than here, for there are all the little towns, whether of five or seven thousand people, where theatres are supported by the government, therefore more opportunities for trying out of operatic wings. Now she has reached one of the summits of her ambition, for the Metropolitan Opera, New York, is the last word in the opera world today.

May Peterson has never flirted with fate. Her first objective was to sing in concerts. After studying in Europe she found that it was only a short step on to opera. With her natural beauty and strong personality, a place on the operatic stage seemed a logical move forward.

She is the only grand opera singer who has never been known to have a love affair. She avoids them as she would a sore throat. She barricades herself from society. All she has to say to the "beloved brave" she expresses in song. Beautiful, graceful, ever merry, with a laugh that is music itself, with hazel eyes that sparkle, she secludes herself from anything or anyone that could possibly develop a disturbing element or distract her mind from her opera and concert performances—she is the sweetheart of everyone.

There is something about May Peterson that is gracefully gracious. Her personality has a charm, and she presents a picture on the concert stage that is not soon forgotten. Operatic costumes are not needed to enhance her charm.



MAY PETERSON as "Manon," when she made her debut in Massenet's opera at Vichy, France, scoring an artistic triumph in one of the most difficult of all French roles, without rehearsal of the part, and without ever having been on an opera stage before or having attended an opera rehearsal

I began to study language, and lived with Italian people, helping in the household, to get the pronunciation exact.

"The Roman speaking in the language of the Florentine or Tuscan is the premier Italian. The Roman Italian is harsh, the Florentine soft, and the Roman speaking Italian with the softness of the Florentine gives a purity of the consonant and vowel that is resonant."

When she left for Europe she told the folks at home she would not be back for five years. They laughed, predicting that she would be back in a year, but she remained five years—and won her objective. After two years in Florence, she went to Berlin to study—at which time she took up the German language. Here she became very ill, which was no wonder, as she had been living on a bottle of milk and a bit of bread, and weighed less than one hundred pounds. But her spirit did not break. Nothing could stop her. "There was no other way to succeed but go ahead," she said. "If I have done anything, I deserve no compliments, for I was forced to do it—for if you have to do a thing, you do it, if you have any will power at all."

From the sheen of her blonde hair to the sparkle of the buckles on her dainty slippers, she is a beautiful American woman—just a family girl with brothers and sisters, one who knows how to be sisterly, always interested in her brothers, sisters, and old friends. She has helped them, and is always ready to help more. With one of her charming smiles, showing her pretty teeth, she commented:

"Yes, I am still engaged with my own family and have a duty to my audience that comes first—now. If I were married I should be thinking first of my husband and my home, for you see I have very old-fashioned ideas about marriage. It has never seemed to me that getting a husband is so difficult. From what I am able to observe, it does not take much time to get them, but it takes a lot of time, study, patience and concentration to hold them. At present I am concentrating on my singing, and I intend to keep on with this until the voice God gave me begins to grow rusty. No, I have never declared that I will never marry, for I think I will marry when I get older—if I can find a husband. Meanwhile, I am having a very happy and busy time with a wealth of friends, which are, after all, the enduring thing in my career.

"My one disappointment was when I was in California on concert tour at the same time I was cast for appearances at the Metropolitan Opera last year in New York, but I am not an astral body," she concluded with a smile.

THE fame of May Peterson is not confined to European and American opera centers. In a concert given to an audience of Indians in Oklahoma, the noble red men were stolid, as if they had been wooden men, after the first song, but as the songs continued they warmed up with shouts and grunts of satisfaction, and a hearty applause that rivaled the "bravo" of an Italian audience.

As a commencement soloist at girls' colleges, May Peterson is exceedingly popular. Somehow she knows how to talk to girls as well as sing to them, ready to answer, as best she can, their rapid-fire interrogations, ranging from how to handle their surplus emotions to how to become so engrossed in art as to forget about men during the making of their careers.

Those who heard her will never forget the "Mimi" she created when she sang in "La Boheme," a wistful, fragile little lass of the Latin Quarter, pictured in the environment which she had known in the struggling student days.

When she sang her aria and duet with the late Enrico Caruso, the critics applauded and recorded that she sang it with the leading master of golden song better than it had been done at the Metropolitan for years, for not many voices stand out well in contrast with that of the golden tones of the immortal Caruso.

As Adeline Patti won the hearts of Americans when she responded with the encore of "Home, Sweet Home," so May Peterson from earliest childhood has kept the old "Heart Songs" book and folksongs a place of honor in her programs. It was a great compliment when the good home folks told her that their old songs they understood, but they also understood the sentiment she put in the Italian folklore, the ballads of France and the songs of Germany. She understands the heartbeat universal and the power and language of simple ballads.

Responding to more encores than any singer since John McCormack, she holds the record for her sex. Her personality brings to mind the charm of Lillian Nordica, for May Peterson is



DURING THE STUDY HOUR IN FRANCE. With Jean de Reszke, the famous tenor, as her instructor, Miss Peterson made great strides of progress in her art. Her voice is a beautiful and sympathetic lyric soprano, and possesses lively and youthful qualities that make her welcome to the firmament of operatic stars

first of all an American girl. Superb in recitals, the music world has recognized in her an artist of the highest rank and a crusader in the cause of popularizing music of the highest idea.

In the role of "Micaela," Bizet's "Carmen," she made her operatic debut in New York, and was heralded as a great lyric soprano, with a voice sympathetic and even in scale from bottom to top—from the lowest to the highest tone. The peculiarly transparent and limpid timbre of her high notes, and the astonishing ease and precision with which she sang them, fulfilled the expectations of her instructor, the famous Jean de Reszke, who predicted, without any reservation, her success in opera. Her voice possesses all the lively and youthful qualities that make her so welcome in the firmament of operatic stars.

HER concerts in Boston at the Algonquin Club have been events in music circles. The perfect tune and caressing sweetness of her rendition gives more than a mere beautiful tone, for she interprets with her voice. But she is always under that artistic restraint that fires the imagination with what she might do. "Her voice has taken on added lustre in these days," say the grim critics of New York, "and her clear tones have that warmth and charm that endures in remembrance of the song never forgotten." On her Sunday afternoon recital in Boston, auditors far down the hall, far away, not knowing that she was there that afternoon, recognized in the faint tones all the distinctive glory of May Peterson's voice, although they had heard her but once before as a little girl.

That first night in New York, when she faced the blasé opera-goers of the Metropolitan, was the hour she had lived for! The sea of faces shining in the soft red lights of the boxes made it all seem like a fairy's dream, and she gave to that audience all of her art and all of herself, as she gave it in the old days as a child behind the little organ at Oshkosh.

Her Vocalion records now carry her voice far and near to music lovers. What an event it was in the radio world when hundreds of thousands heard the voice of May Peterson singing "Annie Laurie" in the studio! The audience at the revival service has expanded, and little tots at home, with ears glued to receivers, were within the magic range of the "listening in" on a voice that seemed to come out of the clouds, speaking the very language of heaven. At one end of the radio on that Friday night was Thomas A. Edison, and when he heard her voice he remarked, "That is one of the finest lyric voices in the United States." Radiofied and clarified was the tones of the golden girl of the Metropolitan.

On her frequent transcontinental tours she delights all music lovers. In spite of all these ovations, she continues her work with the modest charm of one who shares her voice with others, as her father often prayed that she would, and never forgets the back rows. She poetically interprets a song as she does a role, and is never without her sense of humor and humaneness.

In every place she studied she sang in churches, too. First of all, she is devoted to her religious ideals, without Puritanical affectation. The severe simplicity of the concert stage seems to enhance her power, for without setting or costume she tells her story in song. She is able to meet the exacting demands of an opera or a concert program with the confidence of one who knows the universal soul.

Her first appearance at the Opera Comique in Paris still remains a memory unsurpassed, according to *Le Figaro* and other French papers. And in America, the name of May Peterson has become a household word among music lovers. For seven seasons she has been with the Metropolitan Opera. A file of all the musical criticism in the United States will reveal everywhere nuggets of golden praise to May Peterson, somewhere and sometime in their columns, for she has a fame honestly earned and deserved.

Colorado River Commission at Work

Treaty rights of seven western states to use of water from Colorado River involved in greatest of all irrigation projects

ACROSS the hills from Santa Fe, at Bishop's Lodge, the "Big Eight" of the Colorado River Commission gathered in semi-daily executive sessions. They sought to agree upon an adjustment of rights to the use of the waters of the Great American Nile—the Colorado River. As a result of this forward step Congress soon will be asked to confirm a treaty between seven western states, which is expected to clear the way for the greatest of all irrigation projects. These men accomplished the first interstate treaty ever reached between more than two states.

At the head of the conference table striving toward the goal of developing a vast stretch of arid land in the great Colorado River Basin, sat Herbert Hoover. With an eye on an Ingersoll watch, he gauged the hours of discussion. He wore a business suit of plain blue serge. He smoked almost incessantly. His keen blue eyes ranged the table. When a commissioner used a thousand words to explain a tangled thought, Chairman Hoover reduced it to fifty. When debate wandered far afield, Mr. Hoover retrieved it with a quiet suggestion. When the commissioners—firm in their positions—became deadlocked, the chairman removed his pipe or cigar to approach the proposition from a new angle, and another forward step was taken. A stalemate at the table. The suggestions of the chairman did not help. The opposing groups separated. Hoover conferred with them in turn, and they agreed. The conference moved on to its goal.

There was W. S. Norviel, Water Commissioner for Arizona, representing that state in the conference. Discussion ran according to the alphabetical order of the seven commonwealths involved, so Mr. Norviel spoke first. Also he spoke often, having a head crammed with ideas plus an intense interest in the subject. Sitting at the conference table, he gave the appearance of a prosperous banker before his board of directors working out some important financial scheme. No one on the commission worked harder or met the task more seriously. He had an able engineering assistant in C. C. Lewis. His legal counsel was Hon. Richard E. Sloan, former Governor and Supreme Court Justice. The ex-Governor, Hon. Thomas E. Campbell, tall, suave, typical western, was an attentive listener. By his side sat President P. G. Spilsbury of the Arizona Industrial Congress.

From Sacramento came W. F. McClure, State Engineer, to represent the great commonwealth which sells its climate with such success. He is tall, gentlemanly, dignified, the quietest member of the group. Though he came from sea level, the altitude of seven thousand feet did not ruffle his nerves. His favorite Bible text is said to be: "Whoso keepeth his mouth and tongue, keepeth his soul from trouble." He spoke rarely, and never wrangled. But he had a mind of his own and knew his job. His face indicated a strong



THE members of the Colorado River Commission at Bishop's Lodge, Santa Fe, New Mexico. Reading from left to right: W. S. Norviel, Commissioner for Arizona; Delph E. Carpenter, Commissioner for Colorado; Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce and Chairman of Commission; R. E. Caldwell, Commissioner for Utah; Clarence C. Stetson, Secretary of Commission; Stephen B. Davis, Jr., Commissioner for New Mexico; Frank C. Emerson, Commissioner for Wyoming; W. F. McClure, Commissioner for California; J. G. Scrugham, Commissioner for Nevada

character, and as you noted his erect profile, you were reminded of some of the old philosophers. With a head band and toga, he could have played the part of a Roman Senator. His only assistant was Deputy Attorney-General R. T. McKisick, a hard-headed lawyer, of Scotch lineage, like his chief.

The Centennial State was represented by Delph E. Carpenter, of Greeley, Colorado. Mr. Carpenter is considered one of the best water-right lawyers in the United States, and took a prominent part in presenting the claims of Colorado to the United States Supreme Court in the famous Wyoming-Colorado case, decided last year. He has a broad knowledge relating to the use of water in the Colorado River Basin, and of the problems of irrigation engineering in general. He was the originator of the idea of settling this complicated question by negotiation and treaty rather than by the old-fashioned method of legal warfare. With him were State Engineer A. J. McCune, Assistant State Engineer R. I. Meeker, and L. Ward Bannister, a prominent Denver attorney, who lectures on water law at Harvard.

Some one at the Lodge remarked that Nevada's Commissioner consisted of a one-third part of each of three men. In other words, the state which brings joy to the unhappily mated at Reno, renowned for divorces, had three Commis-

sioners, each having one-third of a vote. Two of these were substantial business men from the little town of Las Vegas, Nevada, located near the site of the proposed Boulder Canyon reservoir. They were Edward Clarke and C. P. Squires. The third representative from Nevada was Lieutenant Colonel James G. Scrugham, now Governor. He is a prominent member of the American Legion, and is the author of the plan of securing what is called Adjusted Compensation for ex-service men. Governor Scrugham was the spokesman for the Nevada Commissioners. He had plenty of pep and ability. The Nevada representatives brought with them no legal or engineering assistants.

Then there was Stephen B. Davis, Jr., the little judge from Las Vegas, who represented the State of New Mexico. He is a Yale man. Judge Davis is generally recognized as an able lawyer. He talked little before the Commission, but what he said was always well considered. Associated with him were the Ex-Governor, Honorable Merritt C. Mechem, and State Engineer Charles May.

The great commonwealth of the Mormons was represented by its State Engineer, R. E. Caldwell. He was indeed a jealous guardian of the rights of Utah. Sometimes he lent a touch of gaiety to the occasion with his humor. His constructive suggestions were of much assistance to the

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The President and Mrs. Harding on the convalescent honeymoon

The Will to Live That Won

The First Lady of the Land in her plucky fight for life—Thoughts in the sick room—Her favorite song—The real satisfaction of life in doing for others

ONE touch of nature makes the whole world kin," so a wise observer commented long ago. No matter how self-centered folks may appear to be, when any beloved and cherished member of a community is ill, the natural well-springs of human sympathy open at once. "Isn't there something I can do?" comes from the heart of sincere friends and well-wishers. And when the sick person has become endeared to a community by good works and a kind heart, everyone seems to hasten with loving kindness and a desire to help.

Since early in October, so seriously ill was Mrs. Harding, newspaper vigilance has been unremitting, in the dread expectancy of the Reaper; and all of the correspondents on the sombre task had heavy hearts.

All of them know Mrs. Harding, and from constant association, in a sense, have come to a unanimous assent to the universal esteem in which she is justly held.

Happily, the illness is passing into history, and Mrs. Harding is becoming herself again. That old familiar gesture with the index finger, and the vivacity and charming sparkle in her eyes, tell their own story, even when she was in convalescent garb, quite girlish in braided hair, reclining on a couch, restfully, sick-room pallor slightly evident, and a little lace cap, all suggesting the high school miss recovering from a seige of pneumonia.

And as ever, "the touch of nature" is complete in that as a climax to his wearying vigil's exertions, the President has had his personal illness in the prevailing colds-and-chills. Fortunately, his sturdy constitution and rugged personality, developed from sound living, has triumphed, and within a short time the happy couple again will be in health and spirits, eager to take up the burdens of the Executive Office and of the White House—for they are now off on a well-earned holiday.

THE Washington newspaper correspondents will never forget that Saturday, more than six months since, when they were assigned to that special duty at the White House. They watched, with breathless suspense, the room where the lights struggled through the drawn curtains.

It was indeed an anxious night and there were anxious hours. The doctors were shaking their heads; but on that bed of illness was a determined soul. She had been told in years past that her father and other relatives had died because they just gave up. As she lay there she thought of that. It seemed as if she was on a moving platform, with voices in the distance at the foot of the bed, which was gradually fading farther and farther away. She clenched her little hands with determination: "I must live, I must live!" Not of herself alone was she thinking, but of her companion of many happy years. Then, as she says, she felt some



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President and Mrs. Harding waving a farewell upon leaving the White House for the Florida vacation

sort of a change and passed off into deep sleep with an expression on her face as if she had won the fight. The records revealed a turning point.

From that time on it was slow, wearisome convalescence, for with all the activities of her life, the one difficult thing for Florence Kling Harding to do was to rest. All this time she was thinking of the Girl Scouts and the wounded boys in the Walter Reid Hospital—but first of all and last of all she thought of her husband.

When she was asked sometime ago as to her hobby, she replied with that humorous sparkle

and twinkle in her eyes, "My husband." The influence and example of the home life of President and Mrs. Harding is most effective in these days of frivolity. In the comments that followed, she insisted that, after all, the one thing that counts when you are down in the Valley of the Shadows is: What have you done for human beings? What you have collected or gathered in the way of knowledge, reading, material things, collections or hobbies all count for naught in the Valley of the Shadows. It is this: How much have you done for human beings—for those you love?



Pacific & Atlantic Photos

AFTER reaching the land of sunshine—old-time vigor. Health is returning to the First Lady of the Land

She even discussed the book "This Freedom," which she had read prior to her illness, and "If Winter Comes." She paid a tribute to the graphic, descriptive power of A. S. M. Hutchinson, the author.

"After all, you know I am a business woman. I began gathering the pennies and helping my husband by working in the office and keeping close to him. Of course we had no children, but the conviction has come to me that every wife should know something about her husband's business affairs."

Marriage she considers in a way a sort of a partnership or co-operation of plain, practical responsibility, and believes that these responsibilities become pleasures rather than duties when the parties to the covenant understand that there is one thing in common for every man and wife—and that is to build a home.

"The broad point of view is to understand each other's weaknesses, to be tolerant and to understand that there are other demands upon your husband. There are things outside of yourself."

"You know I am speaking as a woman."

IT was during the early days of the administration that I found her busy receiving friends from here, there, and everywhere. During one week she shook hands with over eleven thousand people, and she liked to do it. She delighted in meeting and mingling with people. She has always enjoyed the rigors of a campaign.

The newspaper men and everybody who meets her admire her because she understands people. Her open, frank, decisive but always kindly ways, reveal her a womanly woman in the full and unmeasured sense of the word. When the little tots visit the White House, the maternal instinct dominates in a search for something first that will interest the child. The young men whom she has helped and inspired with her advice,

like an elderly sister's counsel and suggestions, are many. Her whole life has been lived for others.

In visiting her in the sick room, there is a beauty and a charm that can never be reflected in a photograph. It is the personality of Mrs. Harding that can never be forgotten, it never failed to win hearts. When she looks straight at you, every word and the tone in which it is spoken rings with sincerity, honesty and frankness.

In the White House at luncheon during the summer she had the rugs reversed because, as she said, "You know, we must save them for the winter." In every way her personality shines out in the White House. In that piano in the corner is revealed her love for music, where she plays the old pieces she played as a girl, keeping in practice and conducting the affairs just as she did in that little home in Marion, Ohio. On the night that Warren G. Harding and Florence Kling were married, they went directly to their own little home. It had been built with the savings of the newspaper. So they began their married life in their own home, and that home has always been a home in the fullest sense of the word. The same ideals have been carried on to Washington. You do not think of the interposition of servants in the White House.

One just could not resist, in this hour of early convalescence, to approach her and kiss her hand, as one would that of a queen, calling her the fond pet name her husband bestowed upon her years ago, "The Duchess," for she is ever of noble mien. She long ago earned the right to the title of nobility. She said long ago, before the high honors came, that the greatest thing that ever came to her was being the wife of Warren G. Harding.

Every day when he wrote the editorials in the *Marion Star*, there was one critic who used to look over the proofs and make suggestions now and then. There was always one or two who just seemed to know human nature. If he loved something, she loved it. They were always together. When he was making an address, he knew there was one in the audience who was following almost with her lips the words of his speech, which he had talked over with her. Even when the Inauguration Address was delivered, when the great address at Arlington was given, at the Peace Conference, at the Capitol, in the gallery there was always one little figure in blue following him with her ears and eyes with intensity.

THE trip to Panama had for her all the delights of another honeymoon tour. As she passed through the old streets of Panama in the old-fashioned chariot carriage with prancing horses, she said she felt just like Cinderella with her dream, but the hour of twelve did not strike that night, and her Prince Charming continued at her side.

There are few women who know the details and procedure of government from the city council to the state legislature, the hearings and details of the passage of a bill through Congress more thoroughly than Mrs. Harding. It is not to be wondered at, for, as she has remarked: All these days it has been a part of my husband's business. It is more interesting and necessary for me to know about these than a lot of things that women draw themselves away from.

"I like men and I like women. I try to like them because of themselves and what they are."

The old friends of yore have found the White House just like visiting in Marion, for the wife of Warren Harding is always the charming hostess.

She loves music and she loves singing. She loved to dance the old waltzes and everything that makes for happiness.

Her favorite song is Carrie Jacobs Bond's "The End of a Perfect Day," because the sentiment of friendship in the song seems to express something big and strong. "After all," she said, with that sparkle in her eyes, "what excels friendship—just real, pure, simple friendship?"

The influence of womanhood is growing stronger, glorifying American womanhood and American girlhood, because she feels that there should be no reserve of her powers and ability to do whatever can be done for others. She loves flowers. She insists that it is difficult to make a selection among flowers, but of course the queenly red rose seems to bear its message of love. The choicest flowers of friendship were showered upon the beloved "First Lady" during those trying days.

In the room overlooking the Potomac, with its rich warmth of color and cosy comfort for the convalescent, the President's wife was ever thinking of others—surrounded by the evidences and greetings that emphasizes the kinship of Americans in the halo of a home.

* * *

IT was a happy party that left the White House on Monday, March 5, 1923. For the first time since her illness of four months, Mrs. Harding faced the battery of cameras with the same sparkle in her eye as when she entered the White House on that eventful Inauguration Day two years before.

The newspapermen could not resist a hearty cheer when they saw her, standing like a bride, holding the arm of her stalwart husband, President Harding, on the portico of the White House and looking like a young couple off for a honeymoon tour.

The day was filled with glorious spring sunshine and was followed by the usual Inauguration Day blizzard, but they were then far to the southland. The reception all along the line indicated the love and admiration for the First Lady of the Land, given with all the courtesy and chivalry of the South.

On the houseboat floating down the river that Ponce de Leon discovered in his search for the "Fountain of Eternal Youth," the Florida sunshine is working wonders in restoring the health and vigor of the erstwhile invalid. It has been a strenuous two years—probably the most critical and trying of history for any mistress of the Executive Mansion. Pulling things together after the wreck and wastage of war has been the herculean task of her husband, to whom she has ever been a pal and helpmate.

Even during the rush of the closing days of Congress with the multitude of affairs piling high, her life training and her keen instinct kept her in touch with things, for few women are more thoroughly in touch with current news and opinions. One eminent leader in national affairs has remarked that the women of America feel that they truly have a representative of American womanhood in the presence of Florence Kling Harding in the White House.

Ever during the days of convalescence, Mrs. Harding was busy looking after other invalids, sending flowers to the soldier boys and to the Girl Scouts, and in the isolation of the sick room her uppermost thought ever seemed to be for others. The flowers that she sent forth seemed to have in their petals messages of love and affection that will endure long after the flowers have faded.

Lord Carnarvon and Howard Carter, the explorers

The Illumining Light of Luxor

In the tomb of King Tutankhamen the world finds a common heritage reaching back to the dawn of governments

THE last chisel stroke that rolled away the stone of Tutankhamen's tomb pierced the veil of thirty centuries and will echo long in the corridors of Time. Under the Light of Luxor, the curtain has been lifted on a thrilling drama of human history, revealing the setting of three thousand years ago for the last act of Mortality and the epilogue of Immortality. Out of this tomb came a message radioed by wireless, engirdling the earth, that made Ancient Egypt live again in a sepulchre.

Weary of the ravages and problems of wars, wastage and want, the peoples of the earth have caught a gleam of hope in the arid Desert of Doubt, and vision a new oasis of Faith under the blue skies on the Nile.

Down this historic valley a swift-flying motor car, sweeping over the desert, passes camel-caravans, creeping on at the old pace. The modern world rushed to greet the Ancient of Days! Although the tombs of the Pharaohs have been opened and even pillaged, for lo, these many centuries, it remained for Luxor to illuminate the Stygian darkness hovering over the early dawn of human existence.

How infinitesimal seems the space of time completed in our own generation after the comparative perspective of three hundred decades! From the ruins of Karnak the procession to the tomb of King Tutankhamen makes an ascent, passing women with huge loads of forage and water bottles on their heads, "Bearers of Burdens," greeting the women in the automobiles—past and present—meeting on the sands of Time.

In a few minutes of time the treasure cliff was reached, and King Tutankhamen awaits his visitors, arrayed in death splendor. There, with walking stick, jewelled slippers, miniature cobras, with a retinue, he is awaiting the resurrection morn. Here in this sequestered ante-room, a hidden nook, was evidenced the faith of the Ancients, riveted on the hope of life beyond the tomb. There were crude pictures of king and queen, revealing the glory of the golden era in Egypt, flashed in these caskets and boxes of gems of priceless value. These were the offerings to keep the King company in his tour of the Unknown. Even the facial expression of humans are preserved a thousand generations and the skeleton of the sacred cat stands on guard, suggestive of an armistice with the tiger of the jungle. There are chariot wheels, memorials of Mars, with their sides decorated with the figure of a docile cow.

This remarkable preservation could only occur in the arid atmosphere of the desert. Each precious relic is now preserved for its new story, and every inscription brings to light something concerning the history of



Pacific & Atlantic Photos

THE leaders in the excavation work at King Tutankhamen's tomb—Howard W. Carter on the left, and Lord Carnarvon on the right—who know the rigors of the desert climate and have persisted when others quit in the search of the birthplaces of civilization

ancient times. One can almost hear Wendell Phillips in his famous lecture, "The Lost Arts," thundering out his picture of Cambyses with his fifty thousand Persian troops, trampling down Egyptian civilization.

Now we seem to be in close touch with the beginnings of language itself, for the Egyptian hieroglyphic script has a suggestion of modern shorthand in its symbolism. The history of the thirty-one dynasties is brought closer to the knowledge of mankind. As one writer says: "The Mission of Egypt among the nations was fulfilled; it had lit the torch of civilization in ages inconceivably remote, and had passed on to other peoples of the West."

In Egyptian hieroglyphic script the world first began to preserve records through pictures. The hieratic writing was adapted

for writing upon the papyri manuscripts. The papyrus was made from a reed which grew in the marshes along the water channels of the Nile and the "broken reed" has become the medium of preserving an enduring record of a remote past.

The ancient "Book of the Dead," for the use and instruction of the soul on its perilous journey to the realms of the Blessed in the nether world, is a startling answer to the soul-cry of today. The Light of Luxor is further confirming the details of biblical history and the longing of humanity for immortality. The ancient Egyptians do not seem so far away now that we find the very genesis of the story of "Cinderella and the Glass Slipper" written for the amusement of the little son of Rameses II. There are treatises on medicine, astronomy, and

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In the Land of Buffalo Bill

Cody, the town made famous by the last of the great plainsmen, for whom it was named, a museum of reminders of the banished "Wild" West

By

MARGARET T. STEVENS

BZ-ZZ-ZZ! Bz-zz-zz-z! The sweet, cool air of the morning touches our cheeks as the yellow car makes its way down the mountainside and off across Hayden Valley. We are bound for Cody (Buffalo Bill's town), Wyoming!

Here is a patch of snow, surrounded by dandelions; there are the lovely Absaroka Mountains, and out toward the left stretches the silvery Yellowstone Lake. We recognize again some of the entrancing nooks and tall pine forests, the winding trails and the haunts of bear and elk. Now we take another direction. Around, around, and around the mountains we drive, seeing new sights at every turn. Columbines are nodding their heads in every glen and such a profusion of wild roses we have never seen before. Now we are on the very top of a mountain. To the left we go, then to the right, now to the left again, around, around, around, and down, down, down; then right through a little tunnel whose archway forms the very bridge over which we went but a moment before.

What master engineers those pioneer road builders were! What obstacles they must have met and what hardships they must have had to suffer in order to blaze this magical highway through the wilderness! All honor to them!

The morning sun soon gives place to noontide, and just at the moment when we begin to feel that surely the mountain has no end and the call of hunger makes us wish that we had brought a lunch with us, we are hustled around another rocky curve and out into a picturesque little glen, where there stands an inn. No, it is not a hotel nor a restaurant, but an old-fashioned inn, or rather the old hunting lodge of Buffalo Bill transformed into a rustic stopping place. Outside are elk horns and horse-shoes hanging over the doorways; inside there is a spirit of hearty welcome and the fragrance of hot coffee. It is a large building, made of logs, with spacious porches on which are scattered rustic chairs and benches. We are inside in a jiffy, and almost before we realize it we are all "washed up" and seated at the table in the great dining room, where we enjoy the wholesome, home-cooked dinner. Roast beef, creamed potatoes, cold slaw, green corn—oh, yummy, yum! Why weren't our tummies made to hold more?

Dinner over, we take a walk to the rear of the house to watch the operations of the wood saw. See the boys roll up the great logs and roll them away again, all chopped into firewood lengths, ready for the great stove in the huge kitchen! But the dinner has made us sleepy. We go back to the lawn and stretch out on the ground for a nap. Not a sound breaks our slumbers, save for the occasional neigh of a horse and the rushing of the nearby mountain stream.

All aboard!

We are awakened by the call of the driver. It is time to be off if we would reach Cody today. We pile into the car, and, with many a lusty

"Goodby," we leave our friends of the Inn and are off once more.

In half an hour we find ourselves in the land of rugged peaks, each one of which seems to take some form of human or animal life. Here is Elephant Rock, which looks like a huge elephant; there are Clock Tower Rock, Castle Rock, Duck Rock, Old Maid's Rock, the Twin Bears, Mr. Punch, the Holy City, Cabin Rock, and a host of others, all appearing in rapid succession. Nor would we neglect to mention Mr. Henry Ford, who serenely sits at his steering wheel on the sharp ridge of a chain of mountains, driving his renowned "Lizzie." And oh, what a load it is that Lizzie carries!

We stop at a camp for a twenty-minute rest and run down to the river's edge for a drink of the mountain water. How refreshing it is! Soon we are off again, driving out of the rocky section and into the land of the so-called "Dude" ranches. Here are the wonderful herds of sheep and the great fields of alfalfa. A dog runs out to bark at us, and following close on his heels is a merry band of children. A sign at the left tells us that here we may purchase fresh milk and doughnuts. What a treat!

Before us lies the great reservoir. As we drive along its edge for miles and miles, we wonder what need there can be for such an abundance of water. On the right is Uncle Sam's vast Bird Refuge. Little prairie dogs skip out of the road ahead of us and the wild birds flutter here and there. We are entering the Shoshone Canyon.

The beauty of this little corner of the Western Heaven is beyond the power of description. The rainbow hues of the rocks and the unmatchable blue of the skies are reflected in the hurrying waters below. Towering to the dizzy heights on our left are the sides of the mountains; far below us on the right rush the waters of the Shoshone. We are riding on a ledge; a thousand feet up and a thousand feet down, but we are at peace in our hearts, for we have confidence in our driver. None but the firm advocates of Safety First are allowed to take their cars through this stupendous and spectacular canyon.

Here is a queer little house, built right into the rocks. Gray smoke arises from somewhere; a whistle blows. Behold! Before our very eyes stands that great masterpiece of engineering of which we have read so much and of which we have long dreamed—the Shoshone Irrigation Dam.

Up from the vale below come the tenders of the dam, the workmen, on their way home, for the whistle has blown and their day's work is done. Others go down as they come up, for always they must be busy here to see that the dam does its duty to that section. Yes, there is where so much water goes.

With mingled feelings of awe and admiration,

we gaze down to the foot of this three-hundred-foot bit of masonry. What a declivity! Let us follow with our eyes the line of the immense concrete walls; now look ahead of us out into the terrible, yet magnificent space that marks the canyon. Then may we well rejoice, yea, rejoice in the wonder and the glory of it.

Reluctantly we leave the dam and drive slowly and carefully on our way out of the canyon. As we draw nearer and nearer to the tablelands, we meet the sturdy fisherman with his silvery burden—long strings of the pink-fleshed mountain trout, food for kings!

Across the plains ahead of us we spy green trees and the towers of a town. Off to the right meanders the Shoshone River. Over the bridge we go, and in a minute more we are halting at a railroad station marked "Cody." "Is this the town?" we ask. No, we are told that the town is two miles away, but this is the place where we are to spend the night. Sure enough, on the opposite side of the road we find the Cody Inn, planned, built and managed by the Burlington Railroad. We tumble out, the porters take our baggage, and soon we are ushered into the spacious lobby.

"This is the life!" declares an army officer, stretching his long, khaki-clad legs before the open fireplace, "None of your eastern city hotels. This place is fairly seething with the spirit of the West!"

He is right. There is something here which stands apart from the rest of the world. It is as if it were a little side trip on our skyward journey.

We are taken to our rooms, which are cozily furnished, and soon we are back again, seated at a table in the great dining room, eating to our heart's (or rather, our tummy's) content.

"Hi, there! Who wants to go to Cody?"

A dozen voices answer "I." Outside of the door stands the coach. The driver is a cowboy, all diked out in his best regalia. In a trice we are whisked across the fields and away over the trail into the very town made famous by Colonel William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill."

We are taken first to the town's museum, where we may see everything from a stuffed weasel to the handsome, mounted forms of the largest specimens of elk to be found in the Yellowstone region. Then we take another short ride, past the public outdoor dancing pavilion, and right around a corner to the climax of our tour—Irma Hotel.

Irma Hotel was built by Buffalo Bill and named for his daughter, Irma, who, with her husband, died during the "flu" epidemic of several years ago. We loiter in the souvenir entrance near the door, where the skins of the bear and the Navajo blankets suggest the romance that fills every nook and cranny in Cody. A call from our friends brings us to the door of the spacious old saloon, where Buffalo Bill himself drank. We walk over to the bar in a body.

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Paul Pearson—the Chautauqua Impressario

His vision and struggles bringing the best to the people and maintaining the power of the platform as a potential national influence

FAILURE often must be experienced before real success is achieved. It is the law of contrasts. Dr. Paul M. Pearson, of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, who now heads the Eastern Chautauqua circuit, is a virile type, who succeeded in his chosen line because he overcame failure. Against tremendous odds, battling at the start with adverse circumstances, he has placed his circuit in the foremost ranks of entertainment in the East. Paul Pearson first saw the vision when he was himself on the lecture platform. Awaiting his own lecture date the coming week at Marion, Ohio, the home of President Harding, years ago, he attended a meeting on a dreary Sunday afternoon at the Auditorium. He was lonesome and was thinking of home. Then as he listened to Richmond Pearson Hobson, the question flashed into his mind: "Why can't we have Chautauqua in the Eastern states?"

He had been lecturing in the Western states for many years. He knew from observation the value of the Chautauqua as an institution. And Paul Pearson began that day to make it possible for the Eastern states to have Chautauqua. Arriving home from his tour, he interviewed Mr. Charles F. Jenkins, who caught the vision and invited a few friends to meet at his home. Dr. Pearson explained his purpose and the Chautauqua Association of Pennsylvania was born. The organization was effected about February 1, 1912. The force of organizers was increased until ten workers were in the field, but it was not until the middle of March that the first contract was secured. It was uphill work, but Paul Pearson was determined, and with indomitable will pushed ahead.

Paul Pearson was loved by his fellow-workers. Meantime the small capital was rapidly melting away, and the new organization was skating on thin ice. At the April meeting, with the opening of the first circuit less than two months away, there were only eight towns booked. Everybody was discouraged except Dr. Pearson. His plan was working out slowly but surely. He had the vision and insisted "it can be done." He imbued the staff with his determination to go on. After the Chautauquas had been held in forty-one towns that first year, the deficit was something like twenty-two thousand dollars—a hard blow to meet, but Pearson never encouraged the word fail.

There were 127 towns in 1913, including the first of the Winter Chautauqua Festival circuits. In 1914 there were 218 towns, divided into four circuits, including the Spring and Winter Festival circuit. The growth since then is well known and needs



DR. PAUL M. PEARSON, head of the Eastern Chautauqua Circuit, was a familiar figure on the lecture platform in the western states for many years. The growth of the Chautauqua Association is a living monument to his magnetic personality, boundless energy and indomitable will. That this form of entertainment has attained its present high standing in public favor is due to his early vision of its possibilities

no further comment, for determination won the battle.

Dr. Paul Pearson has a magnetic personality, and those who have worked with him are enthused with his purpose. His success has been phenomenal, and has proven that the popular high-grade program of music, lectures and entertainment, sponsored by him, is a result of his experience in the early days, fitted to suit the needs in the smaller cities and towns.

In 1919 came the turning of the tide and the vindication of the unwavering confidence of Paul Pearson. In that year the Swarthmore Chautauquas attained a firm footing. The motto of the Chautauqua Association is that little poem by Edgar A. Guest, "It Can Be Done." They told Paul Pearson that it couldn't be done, but he did it, with a smile. They now have

eight circuits, including over eight hundred towns, operating five summer and five winter circuits, in fifteen Eastern states and five Canadian provinces. It is an educational institution that is appealing to more and more people every year. They get something out of it for their own good.

Theodore Roosevelt once said: "Chautauqua is the most American thing in America." Bryan says "a Chautauqua audience is the greatest in the world." President Harding went from the Chautauqua platform to the White House.

Some idea of the Lyceum may have come through Franklin's "Junto" and from the Paris Lyceum, where Monsieur de la Harpe lectured daily from 1786 to 1794, and from similar organizations in England. But the American system was Holbrook's own. Certainly his was the most comprehensive system that had been originated. By 1834 more than three thousand town Lyceums were scattered throughout the states, from Boston to Detroit, and from Maine to Florida, though the greatest number was in New England and the South. For the first ten years of the system, there was almost no interchange of lecturers. The speakers were home talent, and were not paid.

The story of the lecture in the United States is an interesting chapter in the national history. In 1840, there was interchange of lecturers. At first these persons received only traveling expenses. Occasionally a fee was paid, as in 1836, when Daniel Webster received one hundred dollars for a lecture for the Salem, Massachusetts, Lyceum. This was an unheard of fee, and was long the talk of Lyceums generally.

Once begun, the plan for interchange of lecturers grew rapidly, and though the fees for many years were very small, ranging from five dollars to an occasional fifty dollars, yet the system developed some of the greatest speakers America has known. In epitome, the Concord, Massachusetts, Lyceum is the history of the Lyceum movement. Founded in January, 1829, by Holbrook, it long remained a leader in the movement. At its fiftieth anniversary in 1879, this little town of two thousand inhabitants had heard through its Lyceum, 784 lecturers, 105 debates, and fourteen concerts. Though Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry B. Thoreau, citizens of the village, had given many lectures, yet a large number were given by men from other places. The list included such notables as Henry Ward Beecher, Edward Everett Hale, Theodore Parker, Horace Greeley, Louis Agassiz, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Chas. A. Dana, Edwin Whipple, James T.

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Making Talking Machine Records

How the voices of the world's great singers are "canned" for the edification of music lovers

THE mechanical musical instrument industry has grown surprisingly in the past decade. By mechanical I mean the player-piano, phonographs and similar instruments, including the rolls and records for same. Even the present radio craze fails to cast a shadow on the popularity of the talking machine, and those who are in a position to know claim the radio never can hope to supplant the phonograph.

Only a small percentage of the people who listen to a Victrola have any idea of the painstaking efforts and hard work that go into the making of a record. Possibly, therefore, the following information about the process of recording may be of interest to the readers of the NATIONAL.

Contrary to the general idea, the recording room is not built according to any particular plan, such as the shape of an egg or funnel shape, but any good-sized room where the artist can be free from outside disturbing noises will suffice. The recording machine is always placed in an adjoining room, and the horn or horns into which the artist plays or sings protrude through the partition, as shown in the accompanying picture. Often it takes an entire day to make one good master record, while again on another number with a different artist or combination of artists, a fine one is produced the first time through.

The first step in the process is to play the number into the horn as a test. This can be immediately played back, and any changes in position made that are necessary to produce harmony of effect. Another test is again made and again played back, and this procedure is repeated until the right results are obtained. Then the Master record is made—but this cannot be played back from the wax, lest the delicate lines should be blurred.

This master record in wax is brushed with



MAKING PHONOGRAPH RECORDS in the Rodeheaver Recording Laboratory in Chicago. Homer Rodeheaver, known to hundreds of thousands of people as Billy Sunday's song leader, is standing back-to-at the receiving horn. Clay Smith, the famous trombonist and composer, is standing at the end of the piano with the celebrated Smith-Spring-Holmes Company

plumbago to give it a metallic or conducting surface, and it is then placed in an electric acid bath in which pieces of copper are placed. The electrical process deposits the copper upon the plumbagoed surface until a shell about one-sixteenth of an inch thick is formed, precisely similar

to the familiar process of making electrotypes for the printer.

From this master copper matrix a "mother record" is made, the master record never being used again unless for the purpose of making another "mother record." From the "mother record" a third disk is made, and it is from this third disk, or matrix, that the composition records are pressed, the soft composition being pressed into the matrix in heavy presses. It is the first master record, or the matrix, that is generally sold outright by the studios through-

out the country to the well-known phonograph companies.

There are now some half dozen recording laboratories in Chicago, which is only as it should be, for this city puts forth strong claims to being the musical center of the world.

One of the finest-equipped laboratories in Chicago is the Rodeheaver Recording Laboratory at 218 South Wabash Avenue. This is the home of the "Rainbow Record."

In the accompanying picture, Homer Rodeheaver, known to everybody as Billy Sunday's song leader, is seen at the receiving horn recording, while the celebrated "Smith-Spring-Holmes Company" are furnishing his orchestral accompaniments. This picture was taken at the close of five days' hard work, consisting of about twelve hours per day, in which time twenty-seven successful master records were made; an accomplishment which would be hard to equal.

Homer Rodeheaver is, no doubt, the best-known singer of sacred and semi-sacred songs and Gospel hymns. First, on account of the wonderful volume and clarity of voice, and second because of the distinctness of enunciation (so seldom found even among great artists), which makes it easy to understand his every word. He has recorded many songs for all the leading record companies, but the Rainbow list is the only complete one of his productions.



"RODY" AND HIS FAMOUS SLIDE TROMBONE

Congressman "Joe" Himes of Ohio

There are defeats more triumphant than victories, as the fearless statesman from William McKinley's old district has abundantly proved

AS I sat in a banquet hall and listened to a man talking to an audience, it seemed that he was talking to me—intimately and confidentially addressing me. I wondered how the others felt at his choosing me. Looking about, however, I realized that he was talking to each one of us individually, and further, that none or very few there seemed to know or to care that others were present and listening.

The speaker stated that he was not going to be a candidate for Congress in 1924, and I was disappointed. He told each of the others the same thing in the same breath, and they were sad, too. Great tears, silently and unheeded, rolled down dozens of cheeks. It was a tribute not to be forgotten.

And then I became very happy. My investigation was completed. The invitation to attend the annual McKinley Club banquet at Canton, Ohio, had become an event. Here I found a young leader. The mystery of Congressman Joseph H. Himes was solved. His strength lies in that he loves and, loving, is beloved. He has a great and sympathetic understanding and in turn is understood and appreciated by those with whom he comes in contact.

What did it matter that he had just been defeated for re-election to Congress? What did it matter that he had just announced that he would not attempt a "come-back" two years hence? Such a man can escape public service just as easily as iron can resist the electro-magnet. The urge is within and humanity calls.

WHEN I first met Joe Himes at his desk in the House Office Building and found him studying the provisions of a bill that was to be considered that afternoon in the House of Representatives, I said something about the political status of the measure. He interrupted me—he was not interested. He wanted, instead, to determine the effect of the proposed law upon future generations. I had made another discovery. I had found a man of vision—a fearless statesman.

This discovery was not original with me. His secretary later showed me a letter received from the President. A part of it is well worth reproducing here. It is from one great man to another. It is especially interesting because it was written more than six months before the last general election, and because it indicated that at that time both the writer and the recipient appreciated that the right course is not always the more popular. Let me quote this one paragraph from the letter:

I note the principles upon which you are basing your rules of conduct in the performance of your Congressional duties and I can assure you that guided by them you can never go far astray. You will at all times enjoy the present esteem and confidence of your constituency in your sincerity, with the certainty of being sustained, if not by its immediate judgment, then by its more deliberate and measured second thought.



JOSEPH H. HIMES, the well loved and greatly honored Congressman from Ohio, is a man of vision—a fearless and forward-looking statesman. His defeat in the general election of 1922 was an outstanding tribute to his loyalty, steadfastness and honesty of purpose—and to his repeated refusals to heed the voice of political expediency

I again met Joe Himes in company with a group of bankers in New York and was impressed with their desire for his opinions on great financial problems. His statements were deliberate, but impressive. One could see that they were based upon a comprehensive survey of world conditions.

From one of the gentlemen present I learned that Joe Himes was associated with one or two great financial institutions and learned, too, that he had been proffered responsible positions with others.

A MUTUAL friend from Ohio gave to me some interesting facts regarding the career—I should say the early career, for it has just begun—of Joe Himes. Following a technical education, he entered a steel mill, determined to learn steel from the ground up. Starting with the job of cleaning furnaces, he worked his way through the several operations in the mill, studying each thoroughly before passing on to the next; then entered the sales service, and finally became general manager of one of Canton's great plants.

Still looking ahead, he resigned this position

to make a study of markets. South American trade was becoming a factor in our industrial life, and he combined a honeymoon with a business trip to our Southern continent. With his accustomed thoroughness he visited every country and spent an entire year in the study of business conditions there and the opportunities for increased exportation of our products. He was awakened to the opportunities in South American commerce and returned home prepared to engage in manufacturing for export on a large scale.

Then the Great War came and his plans necessarily were postponed. Liberty Loan campaigns and other patriotic movements were given his abilities unreserved, and he devoted his entire time, and that means all of his waking hours, to war work. The Red Cross Chapter at Canton became his especial assignment. Mrs. Himes assisted him—and, by the way, Mrs. Himes is always his right bower—and together they organized a chapter whose work was second to none in the country. Thousands of men and women were glad to enroll under such leadership and to work with them. Every department was organized and conducted as a business, but as a business with a big heart. Outstanding was the Red Cross Shop, which cleared \$75,000 in three months, or maybe it was four months' time.

The influenza epidemic found Canton with an antiquated health service. Joe Himes and the Red Cross were appealed to, to organize for combatting the dreaded scourge. Almost overnight an emergency hospital, and it was a real hospital, was under way. Nurses were procured when nurses seemed to be unavailable. Himes personally carried the sick to the hospital in his private car during the day and at night was on the job within the hospital doing "K. P." duty. He felt that others were afraid, that he must, and he did.

The epidemic pointed to permanent health needs. Joe Himes was one of the first to become interested in the establishment of an up-to-date city health department. In addition, he sponsored and practically established a free clinic that has few peers. About the clinic he builded a health center, providing quarters for a Visiting Nurse Society and a medical library and reception room for nurses and physicians.

His willingness to serve and his ability to accomplish caused a demand for more service, and he was nominated for Congress in 1920. A large delegation from the steel mill mentioned above called upon him one day at noon in overalls and pledged the undivided support of their fellow-workmen to their old general manager. He consented to make the race, defeated several astute politicians in the primary and was an easy winner in the general election.

IN the primary contest of 1922 he was practically unopposed, but he was defeated in the general election. His defeat was due to an overwhelming chain of circumstances. Contributing

causes were his repeated refusals to heed the voice of political expediency. His unswerving support of the Administration in its forward-looking program has been commented on editorially throughout the country. He loves and believes in Warren G. Harding and, with the President, has looked into the future. He has stood by in every emergency possible, and was the only man in the entire Ohio delegation to vote to sustain the veto of the bonus bill.

During two years in Congress Joe Himes established a record for service. He maintained offices both at Washington and at Canton, and from time to time established temporary headquarters throughout his district that he might personally meet his constituents and care for their needs. He employed more assistants than any other Congressman and, I am convinced, spent more in providing for service than he received as Congressman, including his own salary and all allowances.

The voters were dumbfounded by his defeat. Hundreds of letters poured in to him, and men and women called at his office with tears in their eyes and voices.



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MRS. J. H. HIMES
Wife of the "friendly" Congressman from Ohio

IN Eilleen Canfield Himes he has a most unusual helpmate. She works at his side in all undertakings, tirelessly and intelligently. Company C, "Canton's Own," elected her as its honorary captain during the war, and Company C of the Ohio National Guard has done likewise. There is not a disabled soldier in the Canton district who does not feel that he knows Mrs. Himes, and there are few who have not been recipients of her friendly, unostentatious helpfulness.

She is a daughter of the late C. A. Canfield, who with E. L. Doheny founded the Mexican

Petroleum Company. The pioneer spirit inherited from her father, who drilled the first oil well in California, is manifest in the daughter's public activity. The father started as a prospector and saw his dreams fulfilled. His intrepid spirit for doing things is evidenced in the work of his daughter. Thoroughly democratic, she has a host of warm friends.

Such a man as Joe Himes cannot escape public service, but he is not yet thirty-eight years old, and his real career has scarcely begun. Confidently we look forward to writing of his greater achievements in the not far distant future.

Paul Pearson—the Chautauqua Impressario

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Field, Wendell Phillips, George William Curtis and many more.

This was probably the first Lyceum to include music. Certainly Concord did include music after 1870.

The first professional lecturer was Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, having resigned his church, declared: "My pulpit is the Lyceum platform." His fee at first was five dollars for a lecture, but in his later years it was frequently one hundred and fifty dollars, and on rare occasions five hundred dollars. For nearly half a century Emerson continued as a Lyceum lecturer. Practically all of his essays were first de-

livered as lectures. Emerson did not long remain alone as a professional lecturer. Some of the most conspicuous figures were John B. Gough, beginning in 1842, and Wendell Phillips in 1845.

In 1875 people began to tire of the Lyceum, and it looked as though it had run its course. The lectures were practically all given by reformers. Many of the reforms had been accomplished, and people generally seemed to demand something besides lectures. The Lyceum movement weakened.

Then there came a man, who, like Josiah Holbrook, met the needs of his time in a way that has made him gratefully remembered by millions of people.

We cannot understand the development of the Chautauqua idea until we under-

stand the conditions when it began. It is very significant that when the first assembly was called for Chautauqua Lake, New York, in 1874, it met on the grounds of a camp-meeting. There were many such camp-meeting sites throughout the West and South. The camp-meeting was something more than a religious service. It was a great community gathering, a kind of harvest festival. The preacher talked religion, and the faithful sang and shouted. But there was time for private talk about neighborhood matters. The elder people gossiped, became acquainted and planned worldly affairs. The young people became acquainted, courted, and planned their private meetings and parties. The camp-meeting was a neighborhood institution, with a county or larger area as its unit. The preachers thus helped forward the civilization of the pioneer country, and advanced the cause of religion.

In 1870, the frontiers had been more thickly settled and the emotional religion which characterized the camp-meeting had about run its course. Church members were looking to practical ways to express an every-day religion. This was manifested by the interest of church people in civil service agitations of the time, the W. C. T. U., by the attention given to Sunday schools, and by the organization of foreign missions. Those organizations, for their day, were the highest expression of practical religion. At a time when the old camp-meeting was outgrown, Dr. John H. Vincent called a meeting of Sunday school workers for Chautauqua Lake. It is not to be overlooked that the invitation included workers from all Protestant churches, and many of the active Sunday School leaders other than the Methodist denomination were in attendance. This was a new movement in the church, adapting the democracy of the Lyceum to religious gatherings. Here was a unique blending of religion, education and recreation, and it was not at all denominational.

Later this conference assumed the democratic, non-sectarian, educational and recreational features of the Lyceum as well as its own religious features. The idea was well timed. It grew in popularity each year, and now Chautauqua Institution has property on Chautauqua Lake valued at millions of dollars. It may be well to say here that the name Chautauqua has nothing to do with "talk." It is an Indian name, meaning "bag-tied-in-the-middle," which is the shape of Chautauqua Lake.

Other "Chautauquas," patterned after the "Mother Chautauqua," soon grew up and prospered, but the whole thing was on a limited scale; it touched comparatively few people. The expense was too great. The plan was not sound economically.

Then in 1906 the "big idea" was hit upon by Keith Vawter of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The circuit plan was formed and has since been axiomatic in Chautauqua circles.

Under the "independent plan" the people had to go to the Chautauqua; under the circuit plan the Chautauqua goes to the people. Groups of towns in contiguous territory form a "circuit." The same program comes to all towns on any one circuit. Thus economy in transportation, without which the Chautauqua must have remained

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"To thine ownself be true"

Loyalty to Family, Firm and Farm

The stirring story of the Peoria boy's ambition, now the executive head of Armour and Company, one of the world's greatest business organizations

THERE are some men who just seem to keep right on stepping up and up in the way of promotion as naturally as if they were walking up the Capitol steps. Movement forward is as inevitable for them as for buds to bloom. Few executive appointments have met with more hearty approval among co-workers and associates and friends scattered over the country than that of F. Edson White, the newly elected president of Armour and Company. The event has the interest of a cabinet appointment, for Armour and Company is an international institution.

The election of F. Edson White is the logical result of cause and effect. He has grown up in the packing business. His father was engaged in the business of feeding and selling cattle on commission. He was one of the largest dealers in live stock in central Illinois. The senior White bought cattle for eastern packers, and the son, working with his father in the yards, begun

watching what father did early in life, and dreamed of the time when he could do what his father did—for father was to young Edson the biggest man in Peoria—in the United States, for that matter.

Wandering amid the herds of cattle that his father fed for market, he had visions of a wild west plain covered with cattle. Once a disastrous distillery fire almost wiped out a herd. An explosion sent a floodtide of flame blazing down a slope toward the river, between which and the distillery the feeding sheds were located, and only one hundred and sixty-nine out of thirty-four hundred cattle remained alive.

As a boy Edson White drove the cattle from town to town, and dreamed as he trudged along, "throwing clods" at the steers, or riding his horse like a cowboy, thinking that some day he would follow his father's footsteps and drive herds longer than ever flocked upon the plains of Abraham, which he heard about in Sunday-school.

First of all, he knew live stock. Then he attended the schools; threw paper wads; cut notches in the desk; did the other things boys ought not to do and will do. The teacher wanted him to go to college, but young White was in a hurry to catch up with his father, so took a business course and became a bookkeeper.

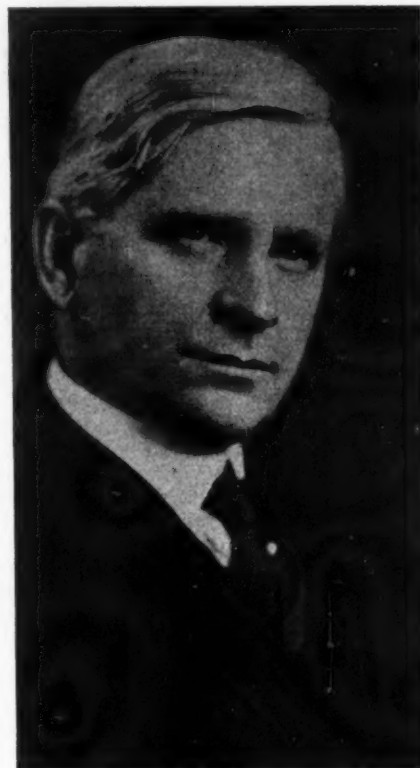
His first work away from home was only a temporary position as bookkeeper for E. Godel & Sons. He served as a substitute. When the vacation time was ended, the firm liked him so well they said: "We want you to stay." One man's holiday resulted in another job. He created his own position. Then he put in his extra time studying the concern's wholesale market.

Edson White has a wholesale mind, and it was not long before he was in the wholesale department. Then he began studying figures and their relation to sales and profits, for he based progress on profit, and proved a real prophet for his own promotion.

Good men are watched more keenly than the "just good enough men." Before long he was given a position with the Western Meat Company and sent to San Francisco. For two years he studied live stock from the Occident to the Orient, and here it was settled in his mind that he wanted to go with a big packing concern, preferring to be a little frog in a big pond rather than a big frog in a little pond.

He resigned a good salary and went to Chicago and presented himself to P. D. Armour, the late brother of J. Ogden Armour, and was started in as a clerk in the car route department at \$18 a week, one-quarter of his San Francisco salary, emulating the distinguished George H. Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, who was one of his predecessors in the Armour school.

With his eye routed on the dressed beef department, he heard the "ba! ba!" of the sheep business, which was then in the making. He obtained permission to organize a sheep department, and he was the big frog in the pond. From



F. EDSON WHITE, the newly-elected president of Armour and Company, "grew up" in the packing business. Thousands of other men who started in the same business, who might perhaps have made for themselves the opportunities that he has made for himself, have not "grown up"—have remained stationary, or at best advanced but a little way. That, we think, has been the chief factor in Mr. White's success—the incentive and ability to make opportunities for his own advancement

Why Did "Ed" White Become President of Armour and Company?

WE can almost hear a lot of people say, when they read about F. Edson White's advancement to the presidency of the largest packing house business in the world, "Well—he's a lucky guy!"

But it seems to us, being somewhat familiar with the story of his success, that "luck" had very little, if anything, to do with it. Impetuous as all true representatives of an untrammelled press traditionally are, we would like to lay a modest bet that Mr. White himself could name offhand at least a score of men who might have had his present job—if they had wanted it.

We think that is about the whole story. He wanted the job and went after it, and got it. The other men didn't want the job (not but what they would have liked it well enough, mind you), in the sense that Edson White wanted it.

They were satisfied to plug along in their own little well-oiled grooves—or at any rate not so actively dissatisfied as to climb out of them—or they were afraid to "take a chance," or thought themselves to be "out of luck" because someone didn't come along and lift them gently into some nice easy job with a big salary.

But "Ed" White wasn't satisfied to remain in a groove—no matter how wide or how long or how well-oiled it might be. He just naturally had to climb out of every groove he got into, to see what was in the one next beyond.

And all the time he was taking care of his own job just a little better than it had been taken care of before it became his job, and giving the job of the next man above him the "once over" to see how he could improve it when it, in turn, became his job.

You just naturally can't stop that sort of a guy from getting to the place he's heading for—short of whanging him on the head with an axe.

"Lucky?" He don't know the meaning of the word.

that time on Edson White was the head of things, for he knew what to do and had the head, heart and hand to do it.

No matter where you met Edson White he always seemed like a big, strong friend. His hair turned white prematurely, which gave him the dignity of age, while retaining the fire, vigor and years of youth. When I first met him at Washington at the Shoreham, he was pointed out as a statesman and often introduced as a diplomat. Yet he would smile modestly and remark: "I am a packing house man."

Edson White knew more than the routine of his vocation. He knew men. The great thing about him was that he was always ready to respond to the demands of the occasion. There was no stuttering or hemming in Edson White. If it was necessary for him to go to Timbuktu in the hot old summer time, or to Greenland's icy shores in the dead of winter, he insisted that the way to start is to go.

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"A man that hath friends, must show himself friendly"

The Watson Mileage Book Law

*How would you like to receive 950,000 "thanks" in an avalanche?
That is what the Commercial Travelers of America gave U.S.
Senator, James E. Watson of Indiana*

EVERY day, in every way, on every train going everywhere, as the American traveling man presents his mileage book to greet the conductor's old-time gracious smile, a picture of Senator James E. Watson of Indiana comes to mind.

These yards and yards of mileage strips represent to everyone who travels to any extent, a direct saving of twenty per cent. That twenty per cent means a little more for the hard-earned savings in these hard-fought selling campaigns for the traveling men of America. As the train rattles on, he can hear the refrain coming faster and faster, chiming with the merry click of the rails "Jim did it!" "Jim did it!" "Jim did it!" as it speeds up for the next station.

Nearly one million traveling men are represented in the greetings that have been sent to Senator Watson, appreciative of one legislative achievement that has started the wheels of business as no other one thing in recent years. The mileage book is the spark plug that has proven an important factor in expanding commercial operations. The long narrow strips of paper, used every day by the American traveling man, would many times engirdle the world. They are proving the ties that bind them to a Senator who has proven himself a premier practical legislator in reducing selling costs.

Senator James Watson of Indiana knows how to get things done. While maintaining the dignity and honor of a Senator, he stands squarely on the ground of accomplishing things for his constituents, which include the people of the nation at large, as well as those residing in the realm of "Hoosierdom," where he will always remain just "Jim" to the home folks, exemplifying the spirit of James Whitcomb Riley's well-known character.

"Nine hundred thousand traveling men of the nation thank you" was the message transmitted to Senator Watson from the National Council of Traveling Salesmen's Associations with headquarters in New York City. The occasion for this inspiring telegram was the restoration of the mileage book privileges to the traveling public.

The mileage book system was abandoned during the war, and for nearly a year a fight has been made by Senator Watson in Congress to have the necessary legislation enacted restoring this privilege. The movement was backed by commercial travelers and business organizations throughout the country. The arguments were so persuasive that Congress eventually passed the Watson interchangeable mileage book law, and the Interstate Commerce Commission has made its decision granting a twenty per cent reduction from the regular passenger rates for mileage books good for 2,500 miles



of travel. A. M. Loeb, president of the National Council of Traveling Salesmen's Associations, voiced the sentiment of the traveling community generally when he said:

"The Watson interchangeable mileage book act is a brilliant victory and an economic boon to business, which is certain to speed up more intensive and aggressive sales development of our nation's industrial possibilities. The nine hundred and twelve thousand traveling salesmen of the nation are grateful for this constructive and far-sighted legislation, for its successful enactment into law, and its prompt and happy conclusion in reality."

In replying to the message from the national traveling men's organizations, Senator Watson took occasion to pay tribute to the commercial traveler for his optimism, enthusiasm and tremendously important part which he plays in the nation's business. "The traveling men of the nation constitute an army," said the Senator, "for the improving of business and for generating a spirit of optimism that cannot fail to prove helpful along all lines of business activity. I consider myself proud indeed to have been the humble instrument of accomplishing something for the welfare of this magnificent body of American citizens."

*"Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man"*

Sam Walter Foss' Memorial

*The Realization of the Poet's Dream of a
"House by the Side of the Road"*

WHEN people begin quoting poetry to you, you know that some poet has made an impression. When they pull out of their pocketbook a bit of verse and make you stand by while they read it to you—even if it be on a windy corner—you know that some poet has hit the heart-target. The first time I remember being impressed with the work of Sam Walter Foss was when an old friend stopped me on the street one cold day and fairly glowed as he exclaimed, "Let me read something that will warm your heart," and there in the "cauld blast" of the east wind, he read me every verse of Sam Walter Foss' poem, "House by the Side of the Road." It struck me as an everlasting refrain of friendship.

It was not long after this that I met Sam Walter Foss at the Puddingstone Club and we became friends. Since that time, every line he has written has seemed to sing itself into my heart, and nestle there in memory's treasure-trove.

If his poems were for the average man, he evolved a homely, wholesome philosophy that will endure as long as the plain people, as Lincoln loved to call us, sing and smile.

Sam Walter Foss was a well-built figure, with a heavy mustache, deep sunken, serious eyes, but there was always a twinkle of kindness within them. He was of the rugged New England type and had the real New Hampshire accent. What a charming thing it was to hear him read his own verses—it had the homely drawl of Horace Greeley and the sonority of Daniel Webster—both natives of the granite hills where Foss was born.

One night in the den he sat going over the poems sent in for the "Heart Throbs" collection. The judges had just brought in the tally sheet and revealed that in "Heart Throbs," Vol. II, his poem, "The House by the Side of the Road" was the most popular "of all the rest." There was a glow of Abou Ben Adhem in his face when the record was shown to Sam Walter Foss. Tears

glistered in his kindly eyes, for these were in the later days when he felt that the shadow of death was upon him, and he insisted that this was glory enough—to have written a poem that lived in the hearts of the people.

This prize "Heart Throb" verse, "The House by the Side of the Road," stands out as one of the pre-eminent poems of its time—indeed for all time. It is pulsating, universal and attuned to the philosophy of real life.

All the world has been enriched by these verses, and the power and range of their inspiration can scarcely be estimated, for it is now repeated in almost every tongue that speaks the language of poesy. Fitting indeed it is that the memory of this beloved American poet should be commemorated with a "House by the Side of the Road."

Sam Walter Foss loved his own home city of Somerville, Massachusetts, where he was librarian for many years, and now a building is to be erected that will be located near the very spot where the memorable lines were written. It will become a literary shrine of national and international interest, for here the sentiment of the poem will become a living reality to many a wayfaring traveler along the highway of life.

What more appropriate title could be given this memorial than to be called "The House by the Side of the Road,"—the House of Helpfulness, dedicated to the ministry of service for people of all ages for whom he sung. For the youth who press forward with the ardor of hope, it will develop healthy bodies, clean minds and strong characters. For those "who are faint with the strife" it will bring uplift through personal interviews and friendly counsel. Here the all pervasive spirit of that greatest word in the lexicon of life, "a friend," will prevail and reign triumphant.

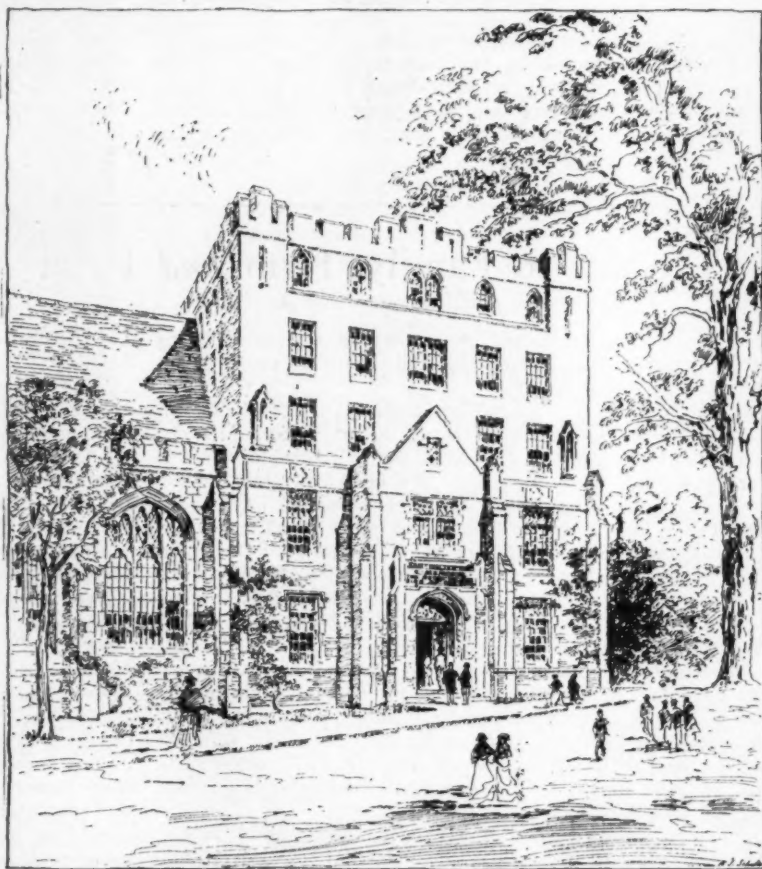
There will be reading rooms, social parlors, resting rooms, game rooms, and a gymnasium. In this center of good cheer, the laughter of little children at their play will mingle with the shouts of romping boys at their sports, looked upon by the elders in their quiet corners, illuminating a widely-expanded home circle envisioned in "The House by the Side of the Road."

Here will be found those rested souls who have left their burdens with those who

Turn not away from their smiles
nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan.

Here the most efficient and up-to-date facilities providing departmental assemblies, graded class rooms, and administrative offices will place this memorial on a par with the educational system of the public schools. Here will be a found a forum, fostering the old New England spirit of public discussion at the town meeting.

This House of Friendship or House by the Side of the Road will be a distinct unit of the new church soon to be



THE SAM WALTER FOSS MEMORIAL—to be erected in Somerville, Massachusetts, near the spot where the beloved author of "The House by the Side of the Road" lived and wrote the famous poem that is now to be embodied in everlasting granite as a testimonial to the beneficent influence of a sweet nature that stepped aside a little way from the hurrying crowd and carved for itself a niche in the affections of thousands of people in all walks of life, all over this great country

built, and from it will radiate the far-reaching influence of the thoroughly-equipped educational plan, in fact it will be a demonstration center for the School of Religious Education of Boston University. This does not mean the study of theology, but means that the sound religious education which every boy and girl should have is not to be cast aside, but is to set "the watch of traditions tried and true."

President Harding says of this matter:

"I believe in religious education for American children. The future of the nation cannot be trusted to the children unless their education includes their spiritual development."

They should have a knowledge of the essentials of Christianity and good citizenship.

Dean Walter Scott Athearn of Boston University School of Religious Education is enthusiastic in the prospect of this House of Helpfulness radiating to the nation a service, and becoming an active factor in pioneering a new day for the moral training of future generations.

Every friend, admirer, and lover of American poems and poetry, especially those who loved Sam Walter Foss, will agree that a more appropriate memorial could not be presented by the people than the proposed "House by the Side of the Road." It will be in connection with the new Methodist Episcopal Church to be built where Sam Walter Foss was a worshipper, and where he drew inspiration for his great work; where his wife and daughter continue as loyal members; where his only son is memorialized on a tablet of bronze as one who laid down his life as "a friend to man" in the World War.

In the conception and completion of this commendable enterprise, the dreams of the



SAM WALTER FOSS, the poet who wrote "The House by the Side of the Road," the poem that has brought cheer and comfort and consolation to a multitude of readers who are now offered an opportunity to help erect a veritable "House by the Side of the Road" in remembrance of the sweet spirit of one of New England's best loved poets

poet have come true. The vision of the House by the Side of the Road, with the latch string always out, and where a hearty welcome is always given, and none may sit in the scorner's seat, was a picture in the poet's mind.

In order to carry out these plans, a movement has been inaugurated to raise the last \$75,000 necessary to build and equip this quarter-million-dollar project with its Sam Walter Foss House.

The pastor of the church, Rev. George E. Heath, has given many months of hard work and arduous service to bring about this dream of a "House by the Side of the Road." His efforts are being ably reinforced by a strong local committee with Ralph P. Jones as chairman, and H. Osgood Lacount as treasurer.

The project has the hearty endorsement of President L. H. Murlin of Boston University and of many leading men of Boston, New England, and the nation, because it is a fulfillment of an idea that will serve the hunger for civic friendliness among people—teaching them to live closer to the ideals and those things by the side of the road that they have been praying and talking about so much, realizing that this is the time for action and deeds. Any contributions sent to the Foss Memorial Committee, Headquarters for the House by the Side of the Road, 68 College Avenue, West Somerville, Massachusetts, will be a fitting offering and a tribute to the memory of the beloved Sam Walter Foss. If this printed page were a contribution box it is certain that every reader would bring out a bill or a subscription and lay it as an offering on the page and mail it at once—especially those who have felt the thrill of the picture presented and the emotions aroused by the sweet singer, whose voice is stilled, but whose soulful lines go marching on to cheer the millions coming after who may grow faint along the long, long dusty trail of life's journey—finding a haven at last in the "House by the Side of the Road."

Loyalty to Family, Firm and Farm

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Twenty-three years ago Edson White married Miss Lillian Pearson, the daughter of the late Reverend Marmaduke Pearson, who was widely known throughout Canada. The three great interests in Edson White's life are his family, his firm and his farms. This family includes two daughters, Gertrude and Hester, and a son, F. Edson, Jr.

Miss Gertrude finished her college career in Rome, and Hester is at college in St. Louis, while "Buddy" is in prep school with his eye on Princeton. "Buddy" was the proudest boy in town when he learned that his father was to be the successor of the great J. Ogden Armour, America's foremost business man. He rushed into the family circle with a newspaper in his hand. "Pop, is it true?" Pop nodded, and then "Buddy" immediately shouted, "I'll have to have a hat of a larger size, Pop, because my head is going to swell." Then the family celebrated the event by going to a motion picture show—the White family are movie fans.

Devotion to the duties of business, family and civic responsibilities is an outstanding characteristic of Edson White. During the war he was on the job every waking hour. Called to Washington to confer with Herbert Hoover and Joseph P. Cotton of the Food Administration, to give advice and counsel on the livestock

question and how to meet the problems of feeding Uncle Sam's fighting men, he made things move.

The two million doughboys overseas had much for which to thank Edson White. His one thought was to get the right kind of meat to them quick and have breakfast steaks on the firing line. The Quartermaster Department wanted to appoint him on their staff and utilize his valued services in France, but J. Ogden Armour in his wisdom saw that Mr. White was the type of man who would be of greater value to the country in his work at home, keeping close to the source of supply to help make the American army the best fed fighting unit at the front.

Edson White gave up his military distinction for work at home, although it was to him a great personal disappointment; but he willingly stayed on the job where it was concluded he could do the most good, irrespective of personal wish or inclination.

While he knows his one subject and is master of it, it doesn't matter what you talk about, especially on matters pertaining to civic responsibilities or world affairs, Edson White is always aglow, ready with practical ideas. That is one reason why this young man is head of the largest single packing business in the world today. It is just as easy to him as helping to drive his

father's herd of cows in old Peoria, the place of his birth.

There is a twin brother, Willard C. White (and they are as alike as two peas in a pod) who is now manager of the St. Paul plant, the largest meat packing plant outside of Chicago. Willard started in as manager of the Philadelphia branch, but when his father died he took over the business in Peoria. J. Ogden Armour thought well of the Whites and he insisted on Willard C. joining the Armour legion and making more of his ability.

There is something about association with livestock raising, packing and farming that creates virility and punch. Edson White is a man's man, large of stature, with a powerful handshake and a grip that radiates sincerity and enthusiasm. Yes, he plays golf and chops wood, and during the winter rides horseback. But he loves the summer days when he can go out to the Whitehouse Farms and be with his family and stick on the farm. They are real farms—not a playground or an experimental station. Here he raises cattle for the market and is showing the farmers that his early education in farming and stock raising was not neglected, for he makes farming pay.

Try and have Edson White sit down and tell you the rules of his life. He just looks far off and comments: "Can't define them." He claims

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"'Tis education that forms the common mind"

He is a College President at Thirty-three

The University of Maine has a President who believes in his Boys and Girls and stimulates them to start early in their Life Work

By THOMAS DREIER

PEOPLE used to think that no man could possibly be a successful college president who had not been a preacher and who was unable to qualify as an old man.

Today all they want to know is: Can this man do for our college the work we want done?

When the University of Maine needed a new president a year ago they wanted a man who would do some new things in a new way, so they chose Dr. Clarence C. Little, a specialist in biology, and did not worry a bit because he happens to be no more than thirty-three years old.

Those men had sense enough to realize that many men are old at twenty-one, and some are young long after they have reached the biblical three score and ten.

Young people are those whose minds are

open—who are eager to learn, and who will listen to others.

Old people, no matter what their age, are those who won't listen, whose minds are closed, who know it all.

It happens that Clarence Little has been trained to dig for facts. He looks for causes. It doesn't matter much to him who tells him things so long as what he is told can be used. And you can be sure that he will use it if there is any chance at all.

The University of Maine at Orono, about eight miles from Bangor, has done much good work. It was not, however, growing as some of those who loved it thought it ought. They felt that something was wrong—just what they did not know.

They wanted to look through the eyes of some young educator who would tell what was needed. They chose Dr. Little because he had demonstrated in Harvard during his student days that he had brains and knew how to use them, yet was in no sense a grind without human contacts. He was an athlete and a mixer as well as a student.

Afterwards when he specialized in biological research for the Carnegie Foundation at Cold Springs Harbor, New York, he showed that he had an executive mind, and whenever he spoke it was evident that he had some real thoughts on education.

He accepted the presidency of the University of Maine because he had educational ideas that he wanted to work out under right conditions. The big school in Maine offered him Anglo-Saxon students. He wanted to get away from mixed races. He also wanted a comparatively small school so that personal attention might be given each student. With its thirteen hundred students, the university at Orono gave him this.

What Dr. Little wants to do at Orono is to put an end forever to the hit-or-miss system of choosing a life work. He admits that comparatively little can be done at the start, but he feels confident that more can be done than has been done in most educational institutions down to date.

Anyone who has talked with college students knows that the majority of them have no clear idea what they want to do with their lives. Ask the average college man, "What do you want to do when you are graduated?" and he will answer, "I do not know."

Dr. Little feels that this is all wrong. College students should know what they want to do with their lives long before they enter college.

"Unless a man is given an opportunity to do the work he loves to do when he gets into the world," says Dr. Little, "how is he ever going to know what true success and happiness are?"

"Each man, I believe, is fitted by nature to



THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE is situated at Orono, about eight miles from the city of Bangor, and has been doing a quietly efficient work in the education of the youth of the Pine Tree State. It is an institution having tremendous inherent possibilities for growth, and under the leadership of Dr. Little, its new president, great things are looked for. The building shown above is Wingate Hall.



CLARENCE COOK LITTLE, president of the University of Maine at the early age of thirty-three, is a Harvard B. A. (1910), M. S. (1912), and S. D. (1914); specialized in biological research for the Carnegie Foundation before accepting the presidency of Maine's progressive university, and has pronouncedly individual ideas of educational needs and methods. Those who know him best and are best qualified to judge, predict a brilliant future as an educator for Dr. Little, and a greatly enhanced prestige as a forward-looking temple of learning for the University of Maine.

do one kind of work especially well. That work is his by divine right. It is the work he was created to do. To help him to find it and to train him to do it efficiently is the job of those who call themselves educators.

"Nothing is gained for the world or for the individual when a man who might make a successful farmer is trained and tortured to be an indifferent lawyer, doctor, chemist, or manufacturer. It is also true that it is unfair to make a farmer out of a man who ought to be a painter, a manufacturer, a railroad man or a teacher."

If this brilliant young president has his way, and he is the kind of man who persuades others to let him have his way, the school children in Maine are going to have this vocational guidance long before they come anywhere near college age. To wait until they are ready for college, as Dr. Little sees it, is to wait too long.

"It is easier to find out what each child is fitted for when the child is a real youngster," argues Dr.



Fernald Hall. The College Store is located in this building



Holmes Hall. Agricultural Experiment Station



Winslow Hall. Agricultural Building



View of Campus—looking toward fraternity houses

A GROUP OF VIEWS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE AT ORONO

Little. "The youngster is flexible in mind and body and expresses its honest preferences. The young man, on the other hand, has already learned to be artificial. One reason why children often hate to go to school is because they are driven into doing work for which they have no liking. If they could be given the chance to do one thing they want to do, they would take the other studies joyfully just because they want to play fairly with teachers who play fairly with them. Under our present system the children are fed into a soulless machine and they must fit it or be crushed."

I talked with some of the students at Orono about the new president and found them ready to accept him as a man to be trusted. "Under Dr. Little," one of them said, "we feel that we have some rights—that we are individuals and not just so many human beings sent here to go through the educational mill. He makes us feel that this is our college, that we belong to it, but

that it also belongs to us. He encourages us to express ourselves."

Dr. Little is a likeable, energetic, friendly, hard-working man. He wins friends by being human. He laughs easily, and has a great store of enthusiasm for anything in which he believes. And he is a natural believer. He does not approach anything with a mind poisoned in advance by doubt. He is plunging into the difficult work of arousing the people of the state of Maine to the needs of their University with all the zest and pep of a boy. He just knows that they will give him what he wants when he tells them what he wants.

Already the old graduates are lining up behind him. As an evidence of their belief in him and his ideas, they have started out to raise \$500,000 for a memorial gymnasium. And they will raise the money, too. Maine men seldom start anything that they do not finish.

There is no question but that in time the

University of Maine will count for as much in its state as the University of Wisconsin counts in the Badger State. It will be a radiant centre of creative idealism. There is new life in the old body already. The new president has given everybody new energy and new enthusiasm. Soon all this triumphant joyousness will overflow into the state and the taxpayers will reach down with less and less reluctance for the money that the University requires.

All men are magnets and attract to them that which belongs to them. To this new University of Maine will come the men and money and materials that belong to the enthusiasm, the sincerity, the idealism, the practical divinely-human qualities of Dr. Little. To build up a new university on the old foundation, to make it a place of light, to provide it with the power which will make its influence felt as it never before was felt in the state—this is the task to which the young president has set his hand.

The Eyes of Lizzette

Songs of Cy Warman

THE eyes of Lizzette were like miniature seas,
With ripples that laugh and willows that weep
On the shore; where the low-bending boughs of the trees
Deepen and soften the shadows that creep
At night, near the water-edge. Can I forget
The far-away, ocean-like eyes of Lizzette?

Dear eyes of Lizzette! I shall see them no more,
They are curtained in sleep—she is gone, she is gone,
With her beautiful eyes to the evergreen shore;
Death winged her away 'twixt the dusk and the dawn.
There's a mound on the mountainside where we first met,
And the columbine blows o'er the eyes of Lizzette.

Keeping American youth in trim for world service

The U. S. Junior Naval Reserve

Why Secretary Theodore Roosevelt and many eminent red-blooded Americans are with the boys and Edward A. Oldham in their love of the Navy and its traditions

THERE is one thing on which Congressmen, Senators, government officials of the United States, business men, working men and leading citizens in general seem to heartily and cordially agree—the endorsement of the work of Edward A. Oldham, executive director of the U. S. Junior Naval Reserve. The foregoing is a long sentence, but it means much. While the Peace Conference contemplated scrapping battleships and limiting naval armament, it did not mean that the spirit of adventure and the love of the sea would be wholly submerged in ideals of peace on the vasty deep.

In the first place the work and plans of the U. S. Junior Naval Reserve contemplate the making of the right kind of Americans, and maintaining the love of a sturdy life that has made the nation and developed the stamina that forges ahead and holds the ground as progress is made. The letter from Congressman Fred A. Britten, chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, commends the plan unreservedly. Then there is General Will H. Hays, erstwhile Postmaster-General and now "the little general of picture-dom," who responds to the opinion of Will H. Hays, Jr., who has become a member. The son says to the father, says he: "Dad, that's a fine thing! Better join." The red-blooded American lad of today has a dream of participating in some of

the worth-while things that he reads about in his school history.

From Senators Poindexter and Jones of the state of Washington comes an appreciation of what the movement means in the development of the merchant marine for the great Pacific. There is something of the spartan in Hon. William S. Greene, the veteran Chairman of the House Committee on Merchant, Marine and Fisheries. He calls attention to the fact that we must have

a navy and recount in the crews of American ships from the United States. He eagerly looks forward to the time when ships, flying the American flag, are manned by Americans, by birth or adoption, and insists that we must begin to encourage the boys with a love of the sea.

The Junior Naval Reserve was of keen interest at the time the Subsidy Bill was before Congress. There are fifteen hundred idle American ships to be manned, and the



THEODORE ROOSEVELT, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY



GLIMPSES OF SOME OF THE ACTIVITIES OF THE UNITED STATES JUNIOR NAVAL RESERVE

time is coming in the coast states when it will be as popular to follow the sea as an occupation as it was in the old days when the Republic was in the making, for we must have ships to carry the supplies of grain and products of America to the seven seas.

The "Log Book," printed by Mr. Oldham, is a valuable contribution to the naval literature of the country. With such strong official endorsements coming from the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and from officers of the Lake Carriers' Association, from Chambers of Commerce and hundreds of active organizations, the United States Junior Naval Reserve has become an important factor in the making of future citizens.

The Reserve is dedicated to the training of American boys for sea service through local posts or neighborhood units, advocating national and state co-operative legislation for the support of free marine training camps in each state to supplement, or rather to provide a middle ground of training between the militia and the Scout camps. This patriotic purpose is commended by Senators Frank B. Willis of Ohio and W. L. Jones of the United States Committee on Commerce. In fact, every red-blooded American who sees clearly the demands of the future is ready with his support. It is not alone the distinguished Senators and prominent men of the country that the idea appeals to, but also to the boys and girls in the schools. Even those people inclined to pacificism as well as those who are for a strong army and navy are in favor of keeping the boys healthy and rugged, with a love for the sea along the lines conceived by Mr. Oldham. Irrespective of any bearing on the question of "preparedness," the training that the boys receive in the Junior Naval Reserve makes for better citizenship—just as any training of the body or mind or morals of our future citizens contributes to that end.

Mayors of nearly all the cities have written most enthusiastically about it. Mayor Joseph H. Gainer of Providence, Rhode Island, issued a proclamation formally designating a Junior Naval Reserve Week, and commending the organization and movement to the patriotic people of Providence and New England, urging each citizen to do his or her utmost in extending the movement in their locality. Now it is about time to do something, so that the United States Junior Naval Reserve will be as generally known and appreciated throughout the country as the Boy Scouts. It is a practical application, in a national way, of the Boy Scout idea, substituting naval activities and developments for those of the land, and conserving the welfare of "the older boy," who too often is allowed to shift for himself instead of being properly guided at the crucial "period of isolation." The war taught us the necessity of a navy to carry troops.

The governors of many states, the officials of the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars join in the slogan of "American crews for American ships," that will enable the boys of America to learn something about the sea. The tribute of Felix Riesenbergh, Superintendent of the New York State Nautical School, reveals the concrete results:

"My happy experience with the cadets of

the United States Junior Naval Reserve, while on cruise with the schoolship *Newport* this summer, when the young men from the Sea Cliff Post were with us on three occasions, and when the cadets from Dewey Post were on board, makes me certain of the great work that is being done by that organization. These young men were a splendid body of fine upstanding young Americans



EDWARD A. OLDHAM, as executive director of the U. S. Junior Naval Reserve—a nation-wide movement sustained by the American people for the training of boys for sea service and better citizenship—is doing a great work for the restoring of America's one-time supremacy of the sea

who came to our ship as interested visitors, and impressed me with their enthusiasm and their evidences of good discipline and admirable training. Such work as the Junior Naval Reserve is doing deserves support from us, who have the welfare of the nation at heart, and who desire to see America again great upon the seas."

Supplementing the work of the government has had the same universal and hearty approval, but endorsements do not mean anything unless there is action. Now is the time for action. At least every seaboard town in the United States should have its Junior Reserve Post. This is agreed upon as we read what General John J. Pershing, Commander of the largest army ever mustered under the American flag, declares. He insists that boys from fourteen to seventeen should be given some discipline training on land or sea, and writes to Mr. Oldham that the purpose of the Junior Naval Reserve "is most important and should have the support of all right-thinking Americans."

The work involves the mental and physical standard of the country. How can we have literature on commerce without the breadth of the seas? Where can we find

markets unless we have young men who know the highways of the seas? With a coast line longer than almost any country in the world, it would seem that the traditions and ideals of our navy, beginning with the inspiration of Paul Jones and Perry, starting with the very inception of the republic, should not be forgotten or allowed to grow dim at this critical time when the destiny of our own country rests upon its relations with other nations for our seas.

The approval of the United States Shipping Board, through the Commissioner, Frederick T. Thompson, and from many editors, from the Secretary of War, from the Secretary of the Navy and from the Commissioner of Public Education, ought to start something in every city, town, village and hamlet. The Junior Naval Reserve challenges the interest of people in all walks of life. It only requires a glimpse of a few pictures of the work of the Junior Naval Reserve to establish in the minds of the people its paramount importance in relation to the future of their seas.

Postmaster-General Work insists that this movement, dedicated to bring out the best in young American manhood, has his hearty support, even as a means of making our foreign mail service the best in the world.

It would seem as if Edward A. Oldham had boxed the compass. If there are any endorsements that he has not secured, they are not available. "It is like good roads, good films, and good everything. Everyone says it is good, but does nothing to make it better and the best. Something should be done to bring the work of the Junior Naval Reserve directly to the attention of the boys throughout America, so that they could at least know of the wonderful chances which it offers to them.

There was a time when parents were much concerned because of the impulse of every lad to "run away and go to sea." These lads developed a sturdy manhood that was necessary in the growing days of the republic. How much more necessary it is today, when the nation needs a firmer, harder and sturdier manhood that will exemplify the courage, physical and moral, that comes with the right kind of training of the boys in going to sea, between these all-important years of fourteen and twenty-one.

What would we do without Dana's famous "Before the Mast," and the other stories of the sea which have riveted the interest of lads for many years past in books? Give them a chance at the realities of things? This year will bring the full fruitage of the idea, so persistently and ably initiated and carried out by E. A. Oldham, whose patriotic and unselfish service deserves loyal support and high commendation. He has set the watch and is preserving ideals of incalculable value to the country.

The halo of tradition comes back, making young men fearless and ready to do things, but not reckless, inspired by the vital things of life, courage, character, which invariably develops a race of intrepid leaders that will bring new glory to the flag in any port of the world, and opening wide the ports of all nations ready to dip their flags in friendly salute, ushering in the new day of Peace on Sea, foreshadowing a Peace on Land that will endure.

With all good wishes to the U. S. Junior Naval Reserve whose work is of real benefit to the country, for they are endeavoring to recreate the days when American bottoms, American manned, sailed the seven seas.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The inspiration of an American pianist, teacher and composer

John Orth—Pupil of Liszt

Incidents associated with the life of the great Liszt, when John Orth heard the master play his great Rhapsody

ONE has a deeper appreciation of the great Liszt in a chat with John Orth, Boston's revered musician, while his fingers wander idly over the keys of his piano. John Orth is more than an eminent musician. He is a big soul, whose whole career has been one of expression of the inner life in acts and deeds of the head, heart, and hands. Mr. Orth's boyhood was spent in Taunton, Massachusetts, where his parents moved when he was a year old. Here, when eight years old, he began studying the piano and was organist in one of the Taunton churches at the age of twelve. Later he studied in Boston, teaching at the Conservatory; also playing in one of the city churches to earn means for study abroad where he went in his twentieth year, remaining five years, studying with leading teachers; the greatest one, of course, being the illustrious Liszt.

Since his return from abroad, Mr. Orth has devoted himself to teaching, public playing and composing. Of late years his Liszt lecture recitals, with compositions and personal reminiscences of that great master, have steadily grown in public favor. He received quite an ovation at one of these recitals which he recently gave at the Boston Public Library. Today John Orth is known as one of the great interpreters of Liszt, and his eyes sparkle when you merely mention the name of this inspired man.

A few incidents in the boy's life are of interest. He likes to tell that his first lessons were given on the flute to a young man who insisted on studying with him, even after he told him he couldn't play a note on the flute. The story is best told in his own words:

"This youth said, 'You can play the tune on the piano, can't you, and let me follow you on the flute?'

"I acceded, so the lessons were carried on after this fashion. You see, my father had aroused in me a determination to go to Liszt, so I was ready to do anything to earn the pennies to get there. Besides giving lessons on the flute, I sold papers. They came to me for this purpose the day Lincoln was assassinated. When I reached the excited crowd and had sold my twenty-four papers for which I should have received seventy-two cents, I found that I had only fifty-nine cents—a deficit of thirteen cents. I was in a quandary. What did I do? I couldn't afford to lose such an amount of money at that time. (Even now, there are times when I would rather not.) I walked up behind the man as he sat at the table with a big lot of change before him, and with a quick motion, I chucked my fifty-nine cents into the middle of his pile. He turned quickly, and when I told him that this was

the money for my papers, he remarked that I had better let him count it the next time.

"After studying in Berlin three years, on the third of July I took the train for Weimar. Next day being the fourth, I thought it would be a good time to celebrate. Early in the afternoon I wended my way to the Liszt house. I was ushered into the reception room by the valet. After a few minutes, which seemed like hours, the door opened, and there he stood! How shall I describe this moment of the realization of a life-long dream? If there had been a trap-door, I would have gone down through the floor; if I had had wings, I would have flown up! As I possessed neither, I had to stand my ground. But that benignant face and beaming countenance soon made me feel more comfortable. I presented my letters of introduction, after reading which he began the conversation.

"After a little, he asked me if I played the piano. I told him I had tried. So he said he would like to hear something from me. I then started out with my Chopin concerto. Liszt accompanying on a second piano. I can now see that with his great heart he put himself in my place, doing all that he could by way of encouragement. But the crucial moment was now at hand. Would he invite me to remain as one of the group that met two or three times a week at his house? If so, the fullness of my dream would be realized. Pretty soon he came round to this point, saying 'There is a coterie of young artists whom I see quite regularly, and I would be very pleased to have you join it if you could make it convenient.' I thought I could make it convenient, inasmuch as it had been for years the height of my ambition! So I stayed there until fall, returning next summer at his kind invitation.

"Lessons with Liszt were not lessons in the usual sense of the word. Thank the Lord, I've been in one place where commercialism played no part; for to have offered Liszt any remuneration would have been

an affront, and nobody ever had the temerity to do so. We worked hard, and we brought the music which we had prepared and laid it on the drawing room table so that when Liszt entered he could see what we were ready to play to him.



Photo by Bachrach

JOHN ORTH, Boston's eminent and revered musician, is known as one of the great interpreters of Liszt, whose pupil he once was. He began the study of the piano at eight years of age, and when twelve years old was organist of a church. His Liszt lectures and recitals are much appreciated by the music-loving public

"I remember one day a young lady was called upon. She had played but a few measures before we realized that something was wrong. She was unusually sweet to look at, but she couldn't play. Before long Liszt was pacing the floor and pawing his hair and muttering to himself 'Heiliger bimbaum! Heiliger bimbaum!' (goodness gracious). When she had finished, he was seen to walk up and with his arm outstretched, said in a paternal voice, 'My dear young lady, get married!'

As time goes on, Mr. Orth feels that the influence of Liszt's life, his love of humanity, has been a constant inspiration to him, for it can be truly said of Liszt that his only extravagance was doing for others.

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"Lives there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, this is my own, my native land"

Walter Scott of New York

The sturdy descendant of Scotia sire exemplifies the ideals of a man who believes in the broad clanship of brotherhood—and friendship

WHO has not had days of delight with the Waverly novels and the poems of Walter Scott? The very name is magic. No wonder I pricked up my ears when introduced to a Walter Scott of today. There was something about the gathering that night that made everyone feel like kith and kin. Many arrived strangers and parted friends. The occasion seemed surcharged with the atmosphere of friendliness.

The gathering was at the Lotus Club in New York, in the radiance of the hospitality of Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright, who was to present his old chief (now retired from the force) with whom he had served as a stenographer in years gone by, with highest honors and a medal for distinguished service. The flowers of friendships new and old seemed abloom in the glow of reminiscence.

Every one at the table that night felt that they were within the golden circle of remembrance. The life story of each guest at that table would have furnished material for inspiring biographies. After the first greetings, "auld acquaintance" blended into new acquaintance. When a toast to "Burns" was offered, there was one smiling face, beaming with the spirit of Scotch comradeship—thoroughly attuned to the spirit of the occasion. Then and there we found out how interesting are the stories of the other fellows, whose names may have appeared seldom in public print, but whose acts live and are felt far and near in the realm of deeds accomplished in the halo of an honor that endures.

Near me sat this gentleman with a famous name, the name of my favorite author. Who can ever forget "Ivanhoe," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," the Waverly tales and the stirring thrill of those border romances—the high peaks in literature which appeal so universally to every red-blooded heart that beats for generation after generation? This man's name was Walter Scott. No, we did not call him "Sir Walter" that night, for there was no need of knighthood to add distinction. There was a colloquial intimacy that harked back to first names—the names their mothers called them—and the freedom of making the chumship of youth endure. Then and there was garnered the magic of memories. We insisted on calling him for his namesake, "The Scottish Chief" of the evening, representing the intrepid spirit of the Stuart lad who was "amangst" us.

WITH the impulse of a Boswell I followed the threads of the life story of Walter Scott, who was born in Montreal, Canada, December 22, 1861. His father, Walter Scott, was a native of Berwick-on-Tweed, in the south of Scotland, where the Scott family was one of prominence. His mother, Mary Sharp Scott, was a descendant of the Stuarts of Appin. Mr. and Mrs. Scott settled in Montreal in 1854, removing to Boston about ten years later, where Walter Scott, Jr., spent his boyhood days.



WALTER SCOTT, senior vice-president of the great mercantile firm of Butler Brothers, New York, is one of the best known men of Scottish descent in America, and the one who has done more than any other man perhaps to foster and encourage a love for the traditional sports and pastimes of their sturdy forebears among the descendants of those who wore the tartan

Walter Scott is one of the well-known men of Scottish descent in the country, and one of his finest qualities is his intense loyalty and true patriotism as an American citizen. He imparts a healthy transfusion of this spirit to many who, as a matter of mere privilege, accept the blessings of our free institutions, and in this day of much discussion of the quality of naturalized citizenship, his enthusiastic Americanism is inspiring. He invariably states when addressing Scottish audiences that that man makes the best American citizen who is proud of the country of his ancestry, of the virtue of his ancestors, and of the glories and glamour of their history. Such pride is an incentive, he believes, to do one's best in the country of the new allegiance.

It is undoubtedly his ceaseless work on behalf of his beloved organization, the Order of Scottish Clans of the United States and Canada, that Mr. Scott's services have been so influential for the welfare of his countrymen and which, as time goes on, will become more and more appreciable. He has filled every office in this organization with the exception of Secretary and Treasurer. He is the Past Royal Chief and present Royal Tanist, as well as a member of the Executive

Council. He is as optimistic today as he has ever been regarding the Order, and hopes to live long enough to see it triple in members and usefulness.

Royal Tanist Scott is one of the patrons of "The Three Scottish Graces," namely Highland Dress, Piping, and Dancing. Scarcely an important Scottish gathering is held in the country that he does not endeavor to encourage in some way—by his attendance, or through the medium of prizes, or by sending a message. He has also given many bronzes and cups for athletic sports, particularly at Scottish gatherings, one of the principal bronzes being for the famous Walter Scott Mile, which is run annually by the Boston Caledonian Club. He also inaugurated a prize for the modified Marathon Race at Boston.

Mr. Scott is one of the managers of the St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York, and a member of nearly every other Scottish Society in the United States. He is a Vice-Patron of the Scottish Clans' Association of London, also a life member of the Burns Clubs of Dumfries and London, as well as of many other organizations across the water. He is a member of many New York societies, among them the Bankers, Hardware and Union League Clubs, Chamber of Commerce, Friars Club, American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, British Schools and Universities Club, and others far too numerous to mention.

As President of the William H. Davis Memorial Free Industrial School for Crippled Children of New York, Mr. Scott works unceasingly and gives generously. This society has a school in the city, and a home in the country known as the Lulu Thorley Home for Crippled and Delicate Children, where the little ones spend the summer months. He is now striving to raise a permanent fund of \$200,000, which will make the School and Home self-supporting.

Mr. Scott is interested in prison work, especially at the Massachusetts State Prison, located in the town in which he spent a portion of his early days, and is one of those who believe that all men behind prison bars are not criminals.

PARTICULARLY interested in hospital work, Mr. Scott has endowed several beds, among them two at Roosevelt Hospital in New York City—one in the name of the Daughters of Scotia and the Order of Scottish Clans, and one for the employees of the firm with which he is connected. He has given a sun parlor for the use of the nurses at Roosevelt, and owing to his gifts to the Presbyterian Hospital of Omaha, Nebraska, and his interest in the work being done there, one of their nurses' schools has been named "The Walter Scott Training School." He was one of the founders of the Broad Street Hospital, situated in the downtown business section of New York City.

Mr. Scott is also very much interested in everything that has as its object the helping of those suffering with tuberculosis, particularly

at Saranac Lake and Trudeau. In fact he was a personal friend of the late Dr. Trudeau, who devoted his life to this work. He is a contributor to all the Saranac Lake charities.

He is especially interested in the education of young people, and has established scholarships at Smith College, Stevens Institute of Technology, Centenary Collegiate Institute at Hackettstown, New Jersey, and the American International College, Springfield, Mass.; also the Flora Macdonald College, Red Springs, North Carolina, where he has endowed a scholarship known as the Order of Scottish Clans Scholarship. When his attention was recently called to the work of the Vernacular Circle of the Burns Club of London, he established a fund which will provide the graduates of Glasgow University with a prize, for all time, for the best poem or song in the Doric of the "Land of the Heather." And it might be mentioned here that Mr. Scott endeared himself to the children of "Bonnie Scotland," scattered to the four corners of the earth, when, as a member of the Dumfries Burns Club, he recently established a Club Fund in perpetuity for the purpose of furnishing a wreath to be placed yearly on January 25, the birthday of Robert Burns, at his mausoleum in Dumfries—his last earthly home—this wreath to be known as "The Walter Scott Floral Offering Donated in the Name of the World's Admirers of Robert Burns." Because of this act, and many of a like nature across the water, grateful Scottish people have very beautifully said that while this country naturally claims Mr. Scott's first allegiance, he is hampered by no narrow bonds, but speaks and acts as a citizen of the world.

Here in his own country he is identified with many movements and undertakings of a patriotic nature. Illustrative of this, on the occasion of a recent visit to Quincy, Massachusetts, he noted that the little cottage where John Adams, the second President of the United States, first saw the light of day, was fast going to decay, also the birthplace of John Quincy Adams. Speaking at a banquet later in the day he declared that shrines of American liberty should not be allowed to perish for the need of where-withal for repairs, and stated to the Quincy Historical Society, in whose care the buildings are, that for every dollar the Society raised during the succeeding six months, up to a certain amount, he would give a dollar. Needless to say that within a short time enough money was pledged to make the necessary repairs on these historic dwellings.

He is also connected with The Sulgrave Institution in the United States which is so active in all matters pertaining to the memory of the "Father of his Country."

Mr. Scott's multitude of friends marvel at his matchless energy, because as time goes on his activities widen. In addition to the prizes offered for Scottish events, he established funds a short time ago in the cities of New York, Boston, and Holyoke, Massachusetts, and Buenos Aires in the Argentine Republic, out of which gold medals known as the Walter Scott Medals for Valor, are awarded annually to the policeman and fireman who, in the opinion of certain city officials, have specially distinguished themselves for valor in the performance of duty. While he believes it unnecessary to offer medals, or other inducements, as an incentive for the performance of duty, yet he feels that every man who dons the uniform stands exposed to grave danger, and that he repeatedly risks his life in carrying out his work as protector of the public; consequently he believes that such services should be recognized.



DURING the war, Walter Scott was Colonel of the New York Scottish, an organization that did special recruiting work in this country for the British and Canadian Missions, and assisted Colonel Guthrie of Canada in organizing the MacLean Kilties, who covered themselves with glory on the battlefields of France

In war work Mr. Scott was very active. In 1914, when Queen Mary appealed to America for socks for the British soldiers, he collected many thousand pairs which went direct to the men at the front. He was a member of the Queen's Committee through Lady Paget, also a member of the American Committee in Paris. He was Colonel of the New York Scottish, which organization did special recruiting work here for the British and Canadian Missions, and assisted Colonel Percy A. Guthrie of Canada in organizing the MacLean Kilties, who covered themselves with glory in France. Throughout the war he gave untiringly of both time and money, in the endeavor to make up for his keen regret that the limit of age prevented him from doing his share in upholding the cause on the field of battle. In New York, during the war period, he was a member of the Mayor's Committee on Reception to Distinguished Guests, and served on the Entertainment Committee when the various Missions from foreign countries visited our shores, also serving on the committee for the entertainment of the Prince of Wales when he came to the United States in 1919. A personal friend of Sir Harry Lauder, he was treasurer, after the war, of the Harry Lauder Million Pound Fund for Scottish Soldiers and Sailors, and has recently contributed a large amount for the benefit of the children of devastated France.

PERHAPS in no field does Mr. Scott do more than for the children. Beloved by them, he is still a believer in their Santa Claus, and endeavors to carry out the spirit of Christmas to the fullest extent. In fact, not only is this spirit in evidence at Christmas time, but every day in the year, and to such a degree that friends have

bestowed on him the happy sobriquet of "all-the-year-around Santa Claus."

There is a saying, "Go often to the house of thy friend, for weeds choke up the unused path." As above indicated, Mr. Scott goes often to the house of his friends, if not in one way, in another. But his friends are legion, and if perchance all are not reached during the year, they are sure to receive a visit from him on Christmas Day in the form of a pocket-size book, attractively bound in the bright Scott tartan, his personal greetings on the fly-leaf. This idea, conceived some ten years ago, of sending a book instead of a Christmas card, has now become an institution. Many hundred homes treasure a set of these gayly-garbed little volumes, which year after year have borne their message of friendship and good cheer, and which serve as a perpetual reminder of the sender.

In all the above, Mr. Scott's phenomenally successful business career has not been mentioned. At the age of fifteen years he entered the employ of the firm of Butler Brothers, which at that time dealt in specialties in smallwares in Boston, and which soon afterwards originated the 5-and-10-cent counter business, later selling general and variety store supplies, which business has grown steadily these many years. In 1885 Mr. Scott was made a member of the firm. In 1887 he became one of the directors, and in 1889 the manager of the company's great New York establishment. He is now also senior vice president and member of the Executive of the Company, which has distributing houses in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, and Dallas, and many sample display offices throughout the United States.

His advancement was no mere matter of rotation. He was foremost among those who successfully mastered the intricacies of a vast business, familiarizing himself with every feature and detail of the measureless work connected with the collection and distribution of the myriads of articles that go to make up the big and small wares of the country. Mr. Scott's personality is one of great magnetism, and in all he says and does he inspires confidence and conviction. His forcefulness of character, his radiant optimism and tenacity of purpose, as well as his foresight and clear judgment, have brought him to the highly responsible position which he has filled for so many years with the great wholesale firm known to merchants as "The House that Covers the Country." He is by nature a leader, and has been a pacemaker to hundreds of employees. In spite of the multitudinous duties which make such demands on his time and strength, he is a personal friend to all in his business family. He is ever ready to listen to their personal sorrows and grievances, and never fails to lend a helping hand, making him greatly beloved by his associates. On several anniversaries and birthdays they have presented him with beautiful and valuable tributes of their esteem.

As may be readily imagined, gifts and honors from innumerable sources have been bestowed on Mr. Scott during his lifetime. One gift worthy of especial mention was received by him at San Francisco in 1915, when the Committee of the Panama Pacific International Exposition publicly presented him with a suitably inscribed bronze plaque of handsome design in recognition of his devoted services in connection with Scotland's Day at the Exposition. The chairman of the committee stated that this was the first presentation made by the Exposition Committee to any individual, and that in this respect Mr. Scott had been signally honored, all the other

A few pages of gossip about

Affairs and Folks

Brief comment on current happenings, and news notes about some people who are doing worth-while things

AN old philosopher remarked that no constructive progress can be made without the basic sympathy of a man who represents a worthy cause. In the work of providing education for the colored people of the South, there is one man who stands out today pre-eminent. He was among those who, from the early inception of the work, have been identified with the rapid progress of negro education. That man is George Foster Peabody of New York and Saratoga.

It might be said that he was born into the work, as his native town is Columbus, Georgia. As a youth he knew the dark days of the Civil War and witnessed the transition from slavery to freedom, with all its problems. Educated at private schools, George Foster Peabody was later given a degree of A.M. at Harvard, and LL.D. at Washington and Lee.

As a young man he came to New York and early determined to make his life count in helping the colored race. Successful in his business, Mr. Peabody made negro education his first consideration. As a trustee of the American Charitable Institution for Negroes, Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Penn Normal and Industrial School, Fort Valley High and Industrial School, Industrial School of Colorado, and the Industrial School for the Colored People in the University of Georgia, he has a record in increasing service.

The late Katrina Trask Peabody, poetess and author, who died in 1922, was his wife and helpmate in his work, for few writers were more influential in her day.

The life of George Foster Peabody is one continued chronicle of practical helpfulness, and he has not spared himself or his fortune in achieving an objective. One of the enterprises that have absorbed his interest in recent years has been the Fort Valley High and Industrial School, where the self-reliance and permanent helpfulness of the colored race is afforded.

Through the United States Farm Demonstration Agent and representatives of the state of Georgia, a Home-Cured Meat Show was held at the Fort Valley School, and one thousand pieces of meat, hams and bacon were on exhibition. This exhibition robbed the economic problems of many of their terrors, for it enlisted the support of business men, bankers, editors and farmers who have shown the keenest interest in these expositions. The Fort Valley School took first prize, after a most critical examination by two United States meat inspectors, for having the best all-around cured, shaped and smoked meat.

In the steady development of the work at Fort Valley there is a demonstration of Mr. Peabody's sound judgment and direction. This school holds a high place in colored institutions and had the hearty endorsement of the late Bishop Nelson of Atlanta, and Bishop Mikell. Located in the heart of the Black Belt, it reaches more than a half million negroes within a hundred miles.



GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY has from the early inception of the work been closely identified with the progress of negro education in America. Himself southern born, while still a young man he determined to make the helping of the negro a part of his life work as an aid to the solution of a great southern problem. His whole life story has been one of practical helpfulness of a dependent race, and he has never spared himself or his personal fortune in the work.

There are over six hundred students, and the institution is making good citizens by teaching the head to think, the hand to work, and the heart to love. Above all comes the ideal of the dignity of labor and the respect for law and order. Over one thousand graduates and former students have gone from this school, making valuable and respected citizens in their communities.

Long ago Mr. Peabody recognized that work must be done in the states having the largest

negro population. His early experience in meeting the problem has been of incalculable value to the cause of colored education. School after school, devoted to negro education, have found in George Foster Peabody not only one who has helped with his own personal fortune, but has enlisted the enthusiastic interest of many others in the cause.

No wonder that his name is honored and revered among the colored people, for his career is a shining example to people of means as to what can be done by supporting some work of a helpful nature—make it a hobby worth while, something that will bring the joy and satisfaction of having personal fortunes invested in that which counts more than all else—an investment in the building of future citizenship through education.

Altogether, George Foster Peabody is a true philosopher. Southern born, he met a great southern problem fearless and unafraid, and his achievements in colored education stand out pre-eminent as a notable contribution to the betterment of his day and generation.

Noted Educator and Scholar is One of the Governors of Mooseheart

LEARNING and philanthropy are linked through more than one personality, in the maintenance of Mooseheart. This should be expected, for education is one of the chief functions of that home of benevolence. It is particularly fortunate in having, however, in its directive organization, along with other educated men of high standing in public and private life, one of the most eminent teachers in this country.

Professor Albert Bushnell Hart has been teaching history and government at Harvard University for nearly forty years. Beginning there as instructor in American history in 1883, he was successively promoted to assistant professor and professor of that subject. Since 1910 he has been professor of government in the same institution—the oldest and most renowned of America's great scholastic foundations. As an author and editor of works of learning, a contributor to high-class periodicals and frequent lecturer outside of his university, his name is known and honored throughout the United States and in other lands.

Professor Hart was born at Clarksville, Pennsylvania, July 1, 1854. After graduating as bachelor of arts at Harvard in 1880, he took a course at Freiburg, Baden, where he won the degree of Ph.D. in 1883. He had received the honorary degree of LL.D. successively from Richmond, Tufts, and Western Reserve Universities, and that of Lit.D. from Geneva, Switzerland. He served for three years as member of the recent Massachusetts Constitutional Convention.

The books he has written on government and history make a good-sized library of themselves, and he has been editor and joint editor of scores of publications, some titles of which singly run

into many volumes. Although he finished his university training abroad, Professor Hart sought his life companion in New England, marrying Mary Hurd Putnam of Manchester, New Hampshire, July 11, 1889, when he was assistant professor of history for his alma mater. Their home is at 19 Craigie Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mrs. Hart wrote the words of "Mooseheart the Happiest."

Professor Hart makes a striking, rather a picturesque, platform figure. Tall and wiry, with bushy eyebrows, somewhat fierce mustache and military gray beard, he might be taken as a sculptor's model for a Viking chief or a shrewd Vermont farmer. No stoop-shouldered professorial type is he. His sixty-eight years do not show in his erect posture as the stream of knowledge pours from his lips in classic phrase, but without straining after elocutionary effect. He talks plain language and applies common sense logic to every matter he expounds. When he first came in touch with the work at Mooseheart he made what seemed like visionary predictions, but they have all been more than fulfilled. He has insisted that of all such honors that have been bestowed upon him, the one he most appreciates is that of a Mooseheart governor, and next to his alma mater of Harvard comes Mooseheart.

* * *

Indiana Steel Man is a Close and Interested Spectator of National Politics

WHEN Indiana is mentioned, one thinks of Indianapolis, Terre Haute and Vincennes. With the mention of Terre Haute comes a reminder that it is the home of Jacob R. Finkelstein. He is one of the live, all-around business men, with an acquaintance that could not be more extensive if he were running for Governor.



JACOB R. FINKELSTEIN of Terre Haute, Indiana, a Hoosier by adoption, has created a miniature Pittsburgh in and around his home town with his great rolling mills. Politics is almost as absorbing a game to him as business, and "Jake" is a familiar and well-known figure in political circles at the National Capital

Although he has never held public office, he keeps on maintaining an acquaintance with public men everywhere, for he loves politics. He feels that it stimulates whole-souled, loyal friendships.

"Jake" Finkelstein was born in Creston, Iowa, but at an early age moved to Indianapolis. There he was engaged with his father in the iron business, and an iron man he has been ever since—iron in determination to do things. Although he is an adopted son of the state, he has the real Hoosier spirit, and everything from Indiana comes first.

He believes in Terre Haute, his home town. He believed in it as a steel manufacturing point, and Jake's belief crystallizes into action. He has built large rolling mills and is now getting ore and coal from Missouri, and has created a miniature Pittsburgh in and about Terre Haute. While he has paid out many millions of dollars in wages, he is never too busy to make friends and create more work and more pay envelopes.

While he has never held a political office, he was chairman of the campaign committee that elected Senator James E. Watson, and his heart was in the work. If ever there was a public man who possessed admiring and loyal friends, who would go through to the limit, through thick and thin, with that old-time loyalty, it is Senator James E. Watson of Indiana—and among them must be mentioned J. R. Finkelstein.

Known as much in business circles in New York and in political circles in Washington, Jake Finkelstein feels that everyone should help those who are rendering efficient service in public life, and anyone who does not admire Senator Watson has not very good judgment of public service. He does not confine his friends to partisan lines, for Pat Harrison, a Democratic leader, and other Senators and Congressmen in Washington find in Jake Finkelstein the congenial soul who knows just a little about everything that is going on in a political way in Indiana. And, "As in Indiana, so is the nation."

The Hoosier State is counted an unfailing barometer in national affairs. Politics is a part of the curriculum in public schools. If that fails, there is literature, for "writin' fellows" follow in the wake of ambitions pictured in Riley's "Jim," for they were going to make an editor o' him. Political interest never wanes on the banks of the Wabash.

* * *

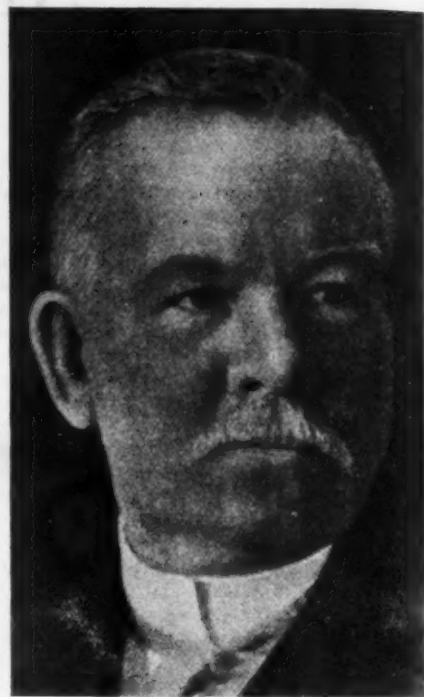
This Doctor Understands Human Nature as Well as Human Bodies

THERE are some things about the manner and method of the old-fashioned doctor that new medical methods have not improved upon in the popular mind. The old-fashioned faith, confidence and sympathy were powerful. There are some lecturers who just lecture, but few speakers, with a ripe scholarly mind, meet the people as does Dr. James J. Walsh of Fordham University. His address, "The Humors of Evolution," was delivered in a colloquial, chatty way. The queries came thick and fast, and Dr. Walsh seemed like the instructor of a great class of several hundred men, as well as visiting with patients.

As a practicing physician in New York City, Dr. Walsh knows the average ills and complaints of people. His exhaustive medical and scientific studies have been set forth in book form and given him world-wide recognition as an authority. A lifetime student, he holds degrees from many American universities, and has studied in Paris, Vienna, Berlin and the U. S. A. generally. For

over a year in Virchow's Laboratories he has been in close touch with world-advanced thought.

As medical director at Fordham University and Professor of Physiological Psychology in the Cathedral College, New York, and consulting



DOCTOR JAMES J. WALSH, medical director of Fordham University School of Sociology, Professor of Physiological Psychology at Cathedral College, New York, Lecturer on Psychology at Marywood College, and consulting physician for many institutions, as a lecturer and writer on medical subjects displays a clarity of thought that enables even the layman to understand his common-sense expositions of many physical conditions that have for ages been shrouded by the medical fraternity in a smoke-screen of involved verbiage. His remarkable book, "Health Through Will Power," written some time before most people in this country had ever heard of Coué, while it handles the subject in a masterly manner, is couched in such simple everyday language that the average reader of a daily newspaper can grasp the meaning of every word in the book

physician for many institutions, Dr. Walsh has found time to do effective editorial work on the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. He writes so that a layman understands.

Since the days of the early Egyptian practitioners, the medical fraternity has surrounded itself with a wall of secrecy and mystery.

Patient, careful, conscientious physicians are among the chief blessings of suffering humanity. The old-time country doctor, covering his route of twenty, thirty or forty miles a day with his one-horse gig or carryall, in the heat of summer and the storms of winter, unvarying as the tides, was an uncrowned, unsung hero, who labored more for a heavenly reward than the one he received on earth.

But there has been a vast deal of moonshine, nevertheless, in the practice of medicine in all time, which makes it doubly refreshing to peruse with an understanding mind a book written by so eminent an authority as Dr. Walsh, written from a common-sense, everyday point of view.

The lecture on the occasion of the observance of Shakespeare's Ter-Centenary brought the Bard of Avon and his work within the range and interest of the average human. The one work

by Dr. Walsh that is the best known is his "Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries." The information in this book startles readers, and gives an astonishing revelation of this great epoch which witnessed such extraordinary achievements in architecture, in arts and crafts, in education, literature and law.

There is hopefulness in his "Health Through Will Power," which has been one of the most popular of the serious books during the year. In his treatment of "Medieval Medicine," a scientific subject is treated so that it reads like a novel.

Big in body, brain and heart, Dr. Walsh remains a true scientist and believes that science is only the things we know and not the things we believe. Focusing his broad viewpoints in a rapid-fire discussion, seasoned with a sense of humor and humaneness, makes a lecture by Dr. Walsh an event that keeps the sages of the City Club awake with W. T. A. Fitzgerald wielding the gavel.

Noted Lecturer, Known the World Over, Came to America an Immigrant

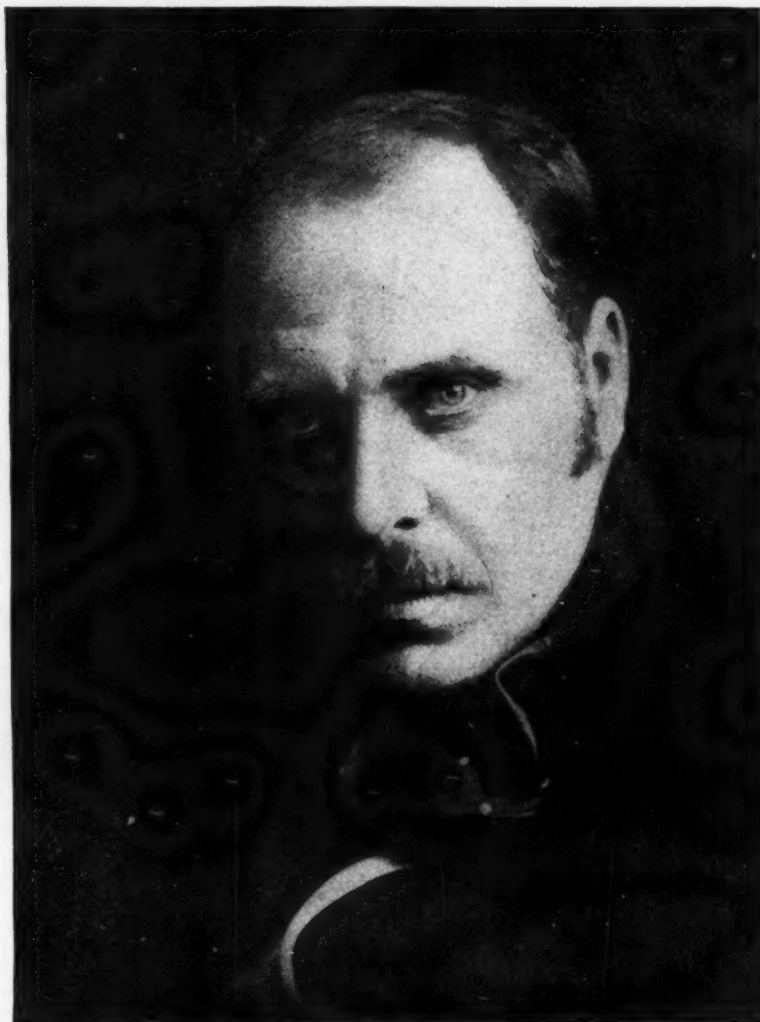
THE life story of Robert Parker Miles, the famous lecturer, who today is midway between fifty and sixty years young and known in every English-speaking country, is absorbing. The Miles and the Parker families run back into the misty early twelfth century in Coventry, Warwickshire. Yet when Dr. Miles, the lecturer, was born, the family had seen better days and were in the shadow and pangs of poverty. Born in Burnley, Lancashire, England, July 11th, 1866, "Who's Who in America" has it:

"Miles could not read or write legibly until after he was eighteen years of age, for he was reared in a cotton town 'mid the hum of machinery and under the ground in the coal fields. Here's where the boy's early life was spent."

In 1883, when not quite seventeen, somebody gave him the "Life of General Garfield," the then lately martyred President of the United States. His grandmother read the book to the boy and it so gripped his heart that a far-off look came into his eyes. "I could not read this book, 'From the Log Cabin to the White House,' written by Dr. William Thayer, a Franklin, Massachusetts, minister," said Dr. Miles. "Yet this man afterwards wrote me several friendly letters and became a good friend of mine. But my old grandmother and I spelled out the story and I determined to get to America by hook or crook. We had no money and my salary was very meagre, so it took me a year to earn the steerage passage on the S. S. *Baltic*, though it was less than five pounds in English money. Proudly I started on my way April 26th, 1884, and landed in New York City on May 12th, with a hole in my shoe, a toothache, and a half a dollar in my pocket. I escaped the Castle Garden immigration authorities, for I slipped under the rope at the dock and passed out with the first and second cabin passengers.

"My fifty cents was spent in a barber's chair in a shave, a haircut, and a delicious little nap. Then I walked the streets several days and slept as best I could at night."

The rest of his life story reads like fiction. He became hall boy in a doctor's office in 34th street in New York City. He learned to read and write behind a closed door at a round marble-topped table. He attended Cooper's Union night school, entered the preparatory department at St. Stephens College, Annandale, New York. He taught school for two terms in Columbia County,



ROBERT PARKER MILES came to America as a penniless, illiterate English immigrant lad, imbued with a dream that led him on to high achievements. He learned to read and write in the intervals of opening the door for patients at a doctor's office, attended Cooper's Union night school, became a teacher, worked his way through college, was ordained into the ministry, and eventually joined the editorial staff of the Hearst publications. As a popular lecturer he has become widely known in all the English-speaking countries

and "I kept ahead of my pupils by hard night study," smiled Miles. "I attended Union Theological Seminary in 1888 and graduated in '92, and was ordained to the Presbyterian Ministry the same year, eight years after I landed in New York. I was called to the assistant pastorate of the Rutherford (New Jersey) Presbyterian Church. Afterwards I became pastor of a Long Island City Church, now Greater New York, when Mr. Arthur Brisbane, the man whose influence has been one of the choicest treasures of my life, called me to the staff of the Hearst publications.

"The years that have intervened have been very interesting to me. I have been back to England nearly a score of times, been around the world twice, and listed in 'Who's Who in America' for many years.

"I have lectured in every English-speaking country more than six thousand times, and am so busy today that one fears he may not have enough years to fill the engagements. It has been great fun, the world has always smiled and given me more than I deserve—a beautiful wife, five glorious children, a comfortable home in beautiful Lakewood, Cleveland's suburb, and when my old English aunt looked at it for the first time she declared, 'It was not a fit place for

me to live.' 'Why Robert,' she said, with tears running down her wrinkled face, 'It's really fit for a gentleman.'"

Has Been Helping to "Make America Safe for Prohibition" for Many Years

IN the stream of jokes concerning the Eighteenth Amendment, there is oftentimes expressed a spiritualistic appreciation of the courageous men who have made and are still making the fight against the liquor traffic. Among those who are identified with the crusade against the saloon for many years is Dr. Ernest H. Cherrington. He was forty-five years old on the day the Toronto convention of the World League Against Alcoholism opened—the greatest campaign against alcoholism in history.

Dr. Cherrington is the son of Rev. and Mrs. George Cherrington, and was reared in an atmosphere of ideals. Educated at Ohio Wesleyan College, Delaware, from which he has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws; he also received the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature at Otterbein College, and understands that literature counts in a campaign for a principle.

For some years he served the Methodist Episcopal Church in various capacities, and took an

active part in the centenary movement as a lay-delegate to the General Conference. He is a member of Greek letter fraternities, a thirty-third degree Mason and a Knight of Pythias.

From early manhood he has been interested in the Anti-Saloon League. Now he has entered



DOCTOR ERNEST H. CHERINGTON has been identified with the crusade against the saloon for many years. From early manhood he has been interested in the Anti-Saloon League. Now he has entered the World League Against Alcoholism with the same enthusiasm he displayed when beginning a state campaign for no-license

the World League Against Alcoholism with the same confidence that he began a state campaign for no license. As general manager of the publishing interests of the Anti-Saloon League, he has broadcasted information that counts, and as the secretary of the executive committee keeps in close touch with all details.

As a member of the Scientific Temperance Federation, secretary of the International Anti-alcoholic Congress and general secretary of the World League against Alcoholism, Dr. Cherrington might be called an expert. The headquarters at Westerville, Ohio, is the center of a world movement, for the entire direction of the World League devolves the organization here in operation.

The people begin to know Dr. Cherrington when they hear him talk, and he knows how to put that talk into literature that is understood—words that burn with fervor and touch the hearts of the people. The onslaught on prohibition does not disturb him, for he sees the greater work ahead, and confidently says some day prohibition will be abolition in the real sense of the word.

The economic and moral power of the United States is entrenched in the constitutional amendment, and Dr. Cherrington looks with unflinching faith towards an advancement in prohibition the world over that will bring this country to the full realization that it has lead in one of the great movements that will bring nearer the realization of enduring peace, for he says it must be remembered the belligerent nations in Europe still have their low-endived liquor.

Only such men as Dr. Cherrington, backed by the weight of approving public opinion, can stem the great tide of illicit liquor that is flooding the country over its every border.

Dean of the Furniture Trade of America Passes to His Reward

THIS is the triumphal age of business men, the men who with the rugged experiences of youth have the stamina to go through. There are mercantile institutions in Boston that are landmarks, associated with the early traditions and history of modern Boston that are of as much interest as historic places visited by the sightseer.

One could not think of Roxbury today without thinking of the Blue Store. It marks the location of the Dudley Street Terminal, and is associated with memories of the first subway opened in the United States. In a new building, radiant in that shade of blue which seems to reflect the spirit of loyalty, Frank Ferdinand opened his new building in 1922, near the site where he began business forty years ago. It was "open house" that day, and Mr. Ferdinand and his efficient manager, Mr. Victor Heath, were the hosts of an occasion that seemed like an immense neighborhood family reunion.

All day long the notables of Boston and the legion of patrons, old and new, called to pay their tribute to Frank Ferdinand and his achievement in launching one of the largest establishments in New England devoted exclusively to the retail furniture trade.

Reminiscence was indulged in as he greeted the visitors, including early patrons, who were now grandfathers, grandmothers, sons and daughters of three and four generations, all a part of the Blue Store's family. The large blue wall of the new building outside seemed like a banner unfurled on this auspicious occasion.

Mr. Ferdinand reflected, swinging his cane, in response to the question, "How did it all come about?"

"Well, young man," he began with a twinkle in his eyes, "I guess it was mostly work. Gardens don't just grow. I was just thinking today, looking at that sign, of how fifty years ago on one cold winter day I was painting my own sign to let the people know I had arrived. The sign was a blue banner, and that has been our banner ever since. It was a great thing to start in business in those days, for you had to be an all-around man, fill every position in the store, which I did and enjoyed. I felt I must know each customer, for each customer was an asset—if I held him. There are people coming back telling me of the furniture bought forty years ago; and it didn't seem so long ago when I greeted these young people, who, today, came in here with their grandchildren."

Frank Ferdinand, merchant, banker, philanthropist, genial and kindly, democratic, and a man's man, is a living refutation of the tale that the poor boy no longer has a chance. Today, wherever furniture is made in America, his fame is known as a buyer who knows his wares and never took a chance on any merchandise behind which could not be pledged full faith to customers. In New England, and Greater Boston especially, his name is affectionately known by tens of thousands of families, literally set up in house-keeping by him. For the man's guide through his long life has never changed—"People are all right; what would the world do without them?"

Not only has Mr. Ferdinand built up an enormous business and a host of patrons who regard him as their friend, but his own force, managed by the very capable Mr. Victor A. Heath, shows again the master mind that surrounds itself with dependable aids.

In early life Frank Ferdinand went to sea as a sailor before the mast. Born in the state of Maine, it was a natural thing for him to do. He visited many parts of the world and was in India

when the Civil War broke out. The ship was sold, but undaunted, he worked his way home to enlist and take part in the fight for the flag and the Union.

"It was a great training," said Mr. Ferdinand, "going to sea. I could lift a two-hundred-pound weight and had every muscle developed. Consequently, I was able to take care of myself when emergency required."

Around him were those who have been associated with him many years—like one large family. The sales books in that store would reveal where a large part and portion of many homes in Boston and throughout New England have been supplied with furnishings from Ferdinand's year after year. Frank Ferdinand is a true type of the Yankee merchant. His dominating idea was to be just and fair to all, but he believes in discipline, and is firm and decisive. Early and late in all the busy years of his life he has been active.

Just then a little lad entered. "There's 'Sunny Jim,'" said Mr. Ferdinand, smiling at the little boy. "Sunny Jim" went right up to Mr. Ferdinand to tell him all about what fun he was having, for Frank Ferdinand is a friend of all the neighborhood kids—he's never too busy to listen to their tales of childish joys or sorrows.

As Mr. Ferdinand said:

"When I painted my store blue, they all laughed at me, but I felt I wanted to have a clear, true blue—a color that would indicate that we were true blue to the principles of our business. I felt that the blue sky was the only limit of possibilities in those days of youthful ambition."



FRANK FERDINAND, of Boston, was known throughout the country as the dean of the furniture trade in America. For more than half a century he had been the head of "The Blue Store," one of the largest establishments in New England devoted exclusively to the retailing of household furnishings. At the time of his death, early in March, he was in his eighty-fourth year. His passing is looked upon as a very real loss to the city that had counted him as one of its most respected citizens. Not only one of its leading business men, he was also greatly loved for his many philanthropies, and will be long especially remembered as the friend of boyhood

"Yes, it is gratifying to see what has developed, but I don't take the credit myself, because others have helped me, and we have tenaciously stuck to one principle—selling goods so that they will come back for more. Business, after all, is a personal service.

"Yes, the training and discipline of the sailor may have something to do with my rules of business, but I always liked to feel free and have the old ship trimmed and keep the sails reefed for emergency.

"After all, merchandising is a composite of all professions and trades. It seems to me as if I had to know a little something about everybody and everything to know what everybody wants, and yet I feel as if every person in this store could represent me better in their department than if I was standing there myself."

Frank Ferdinand has been staunch in his belief in American institutions. His generous gift of a pipe organ to the Dudley Street Baptist Church nearby, and his contribution to the Boys' Club, are evidences of his faith in his neighborhood center, and from that neighborhood spirit has expanded with the horizon widening year after year.

LATER—After this magazine had gone to press, Frank Ferdinand waved a farewell and passed to the Haven Beyond. Tributes were paid to his memory amid the music of the great organ he presented to the church where his funeral was held.

Getting Together of the Postal Employees at Atlanta Convention a Great Success

THE greatest postal convention—or at any rate the greatest, with but one exception, in the point of attendance, that has thus far been held—was staged in the mammoth Baptist Tabernacle at Atlanta, Georgia, on the twentieth of January.

These postal conventions being held at various strategic points throughout the country are doing a fine work not only in familiarizing the general public with the personnel and working functions of the Department, but in bringing the postal employees themselves into closer touch with the larger problems of mail distribution.

One of the most popular indoor sports is "canning" the Post Office Department and all its works. Doubtless some of the criticism directed at the mail service is justified, but on the whole, considering the vast magnitude of the task performed by the great army of gray-clad carriers and green-visored clerks, it is perhaps surprising that more cause for criticism does not exist. Few people perhaps—outside of those specially informed upon the subject—realize that the United States Post Office Department does the largest business in the world—that more capital is invested, more people employed, more money paid out in salaries, more cash handled in the way of receipts every day in the year, than by any great business corporation in Europe or America.

Postmaster-General Work was unable to be present at the Atlanta Convention, but the Department was ably represented by First Assistant Postmaster-General John H. Bartlett and Third Assistant Postmaster-General W. Irving Glover.

A spectacular element was provided by the presence of the "ex-one-day" woman Senator, Mrs. Felton—she of the eighty-seven years. In a short address she told those present that she was virtually a postmistress at fourteen, when as a clerk for her father, who was a Georgia postmaster, she made out the quarterly reports.

The great gathering was marked with human interest. During the open forum hour scores of postal service people made short speeches and asked questions from the floor. They were

answered in a spirit of good cheer by Governor Bartlett and Mr. Glover—and the Convention, all in all, was a great success.

* * *

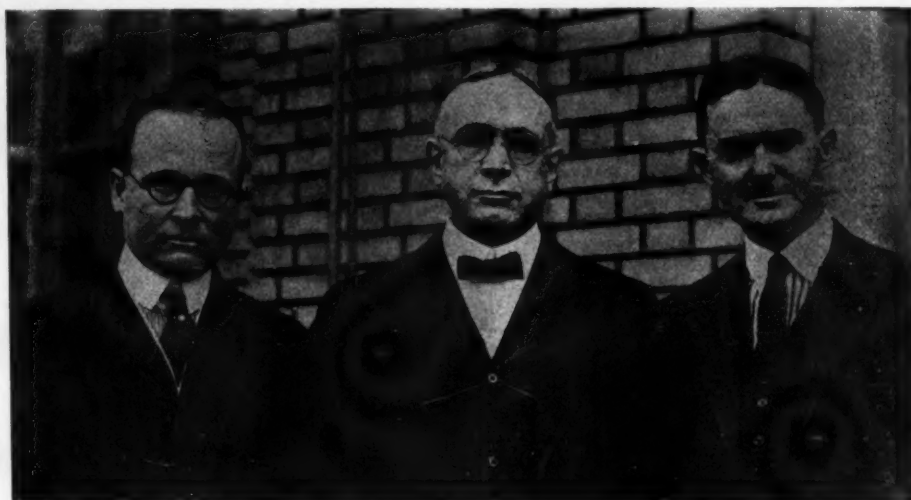
Boston Business Man has made Horticulture a Supremely Beautiful Hobby

IF there is one man in the U. S. A. whose dominant passion is flowers, it is Albert C. Burrage of Boston. More than being a mere lover of flowers, he has made horticulture a mission. He shares his joy with others in making more

is no reason why people cannot enjoy these in their natural setting, and not uselessly destroy them because these treasures of nature must have protection in order to be preserved.

What a world this would be without flowers! One cannot think of anything that expresses enduring and eternal sentiments as much as the blossom and flower that may soon fade and die, but always continue year after year with its suggestion of life, beauty, happiness, and eternity.

To see Mr. Burrage among his flowers one realizes why he has devoted so many years of his



POSTAL OFFICIALS WHO WERE PRESENT AT THE ATLANTA CONVENTION

W. Irving Glover	John H. Bartlett	E. K. Large
Third Assistant Postmaster-General	First Assistant Postmaster-General	Postmaster at Atlanta, Ga.

flowers bloom, saving, caring for, and developing buds, blossoms, and leaves as a boon to the race.

The history of Horticultural Hall in Boston is associated with the floral triumphs of Albert C. Burrage. His exhibits of orchids have never been paralleled. He has brought the people closer to flowers than any other one man, and believes that flowers speak a language, each having a message that no words can convey.

As a lad in Ashburnham, Massachusetts, where he was born in 1859, he started out in life loving flowers—especially the flowers of New England. When he graduated from Harvard in 1883, he began the practice of law, but even with all the great demands for business application involved in his large financial operations, his constant recreation was flowers.

In May, 1922, he contributed an exhibit of wild flowers, never before known in the history of New England, which was an eloquent appeal for the preservation of that floral splendor that delights the hearts of thousands in New England as they walk in fields or woods.

Here was the sweet message of the trailing arbutus, endless varieties of ferns set amid an environment of rippling stream, along the banks of which clustered a verdure which only the God of Nature can provide. Amid the profusion of wild flowers was an object lesson that will forever remain in the minds of thousands of children who looked upon this display of wild-wood splendor.

It now seems almost like ruthless cruelty to gather and waste these wonderful miracles of nature just to have them droop and die. People should go afieid to see, admire and share with others, not pluck and carry them away. With automobiles, street cars, and cheap fares, there

busy life in raising flowers and vegetables for the market, for there is a practical side of this question, as he has been active in making the cranberry bogs in southeastern Massachusetts bring forth fruitage as in the days of the early Colonial fathers.

In 1882 Mr. Burrage was elected a member of the Boston Common Council, and was a member of the Boston Transit Committee, appointed by Governor Greenhalge, that built the Boston Subway.

Although a member of many of the leading clubs in New York and Boston, and with a home at Pride's Crossing and Hanson, Massachusetts, business activities that cover large mining developments, Mr. Burrage was one of the organizers of the Amalgamated Copper Company, and owner of mines in Ferrobamba, Peru, and organizer of the International Tin Company, Chile Exploration Company, Chile Copper Company. He has spent many years in the development of a new process for the treatment of low-grade copper ores.

All these activities have not interfered with his well-planned triumphs in floriculture. He has done much to educate present and coming generations in the love and appreciation of flowers.

It is such men as Mr. Burrage who are helping to arouse in the public consciousness a realization of the crime of wantonly wasting the beautiful wilderness and wayside blooms. Only unthinking people, heedless of others' rights to share in the enjoyment of Nature's beautiful gifts, are guilty of the act of pulling up wild flowers by the roots and so destroying something that only Nature can replace. The wholesale destruction in this fashion of the shy and beautiful arbutus on Cape Cod is nothing short of criminal vandalism.

*"A weapon that comes down as still And from its force nor doors nor locks
As snowflakes fall upon the sod; Can shield you,—'t is the ballot-box."*

The Contract of the Ballot

Not a "scrap of paper" to be lightly thrown aside—but a valid binding obligation to observe the wishes of the voters

THE tragedies of filibusters defeating the pledge and expressed wish of a majority in a representative body of the people is witnessed in the arts of political buccaneers of today. It is difficult in this turbulent time to find any political roster to determine who's who. The Congressional Directory is misleading. They are labeled "R" for Republicans, "D" for Democrats, and "S" for Socialists, but "that don't mean nothin'," as the boy said when told that two and two make four—that's perfect.

These are the days of blocs without the "k." There are Senators and Congressmen who were elected, insisting on the label of Republican or Democrat on their ticket, who knew when the ballots are being cast for them that they were deliberately not going to vote as Republicans or Democrats—but were ready to scuttle the party and defy all the principles and contracts of the party platform once elected R. or D.

It does seem that this is not in consonance with all the highest conception of honor—and honor, after all, is the only thing that endures. They may be honorable as Brutus appeared honorable to Marc Anthony. The nation, since its inception, has been governed by party, and party responsibilities are prominently answered in the conduct of public affairs.

One cannot conceive of any organization or business achieving results with representation under contract to carry certain obligations who know they will break the contract as they please, or do what might appear best to their own personal advantage. It comes down to a matter of plain, unvarnished honesty and honor.

The same situation exists in the church. Men who have taken the oath and wear the cloth of the church, who are openly defiant of its creed and principles while still in the employ and pay of the church, cannot be called honorable men, except in the sense that Marc Anthony applied the term to Brutus in his famous address.

The people are beginning to awaken on the subject in the development of blocs. They are tired of being duped to applaud men whose sole claim for distinction is that they did not do as they agreed or do not follow any of the contractual pledges made in the ballot application at the polls. In the old days there were party caucuses, but now they are somehow called conferences. A caucus was a binding pledge where they fought out differences in party policies, and when they were defeated, like true supporters, men joined in fulfilling the pledge.

The Republican party has suffered greatly in its ability to carry out party pledges because their caucus has been abandoned and gentlemen conference agreements do not prevail in politics any more than in business relations.

The Democratic party still maintain their caucus, and their records show there is a party expression when it comes to a vote question. They fight out their differences in the caucus and stand together under the decree of the majority



Frank Reilly has some original ideas regarding the obligations of political candidates

fulfilling the ideals and purposes of a Democratic form of government which gives a voice to the majority elected by the people. Minorities are necessary, and there are times when there should be exceptions to the rule, but in recent years, election after election, the defiance and abuse and false pretense of party responsibility has made election contracts a joke.

Some years ago a young Virginian-born attorney, fresh from his law school, after having a fling in political life, evolved an idea that attracted the attention of political leaders. It is nothing more than carrying out the definite contract made with the vote at the ballot box. It insures that the designation declared when the ballot is cast will be fulfilled, making the ballot an absolute agreement, not a "scrap of paper" to be cast aside as a mere matter of personal whim or selfish ambition and exploitation of virility, vanity and egotism, of pseudo-statesmen, hungry for spotlight.

This letter is pertinent at this time and follows out the fundamentals of honor and principle of the legal as well as civic responsibility. The ballot in a way is a bond, especially when that ballot is given with the understanding that it is to be a Republican or Democratic representation.

The following letter will be read with intense interest by those who are restive under the erratic egotist notions of their representatives in Congress and Senate. The people have begun to realize that the perils of peace are even more disastrous to honor than the perils of war times,

when the people are united in one common purpose and the pledge and honor of a soldier is the only hope of today.

January 22nd, 1923.

Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple, Editor,
National Magazine,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Chapple:

Some years ago I delivered an address entitled "The Ballot Contract," which was printed in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE of November, 1919. In this address it was pointed out that persons elected to political office by the votes of the public, occupy the position of representatives and agents, and the voters, by whose votes they are selected, occupy the position of employers or principals. It was also pointed out that immediately upon the selection of a political agent, unlike any other agent in any other business in the world, he has unlimited authority and power to do as he pleases—taxing his principals, confiscating their property, changing their laws, and so controlling them and their affairs that the agents can conscript or draft their own principals and send them to the farthest corners of the earth. It was also shown that no institution would so entrust its entire future, its finances, its property, the lives of its officers and members, to any agent.

The solution offered by me was the old established business method of placing in writing, insofar as possible, the agreement between the principals and agents (the principals being voters and the agents being the representatives elected). There was no enthusiasm over such a plan in the old guard political camps, because this would eliminate to a large extent log rolling, patronage and vote trading by Congressmen and Senators. They did not want their unlimited powers restricted. But a new development has just arisen in the political affairs of this country, and it is now more than probable that these same politicians will turn to this method as the only

means of forcing the members of their own parties to remain true to their party affiliations. In the last election the Republicans carried the Senate by a majority of (?) Therefore one-half of this majority being (?) Republican Senators, combined with one Democratic Senator, can form a combination which constitutes a balance of power of the Senate. Without the approval and sanction of this little combination representing only a fraction of the population and interests of this country, no party legislation can be passed. What has happened is that one Senator, a pseudo-Republican, elected under the Republican banner in a mid-western state, has set himself up as the leader of a "bloc" which is in reality a non-party, balance-of-power clique, and this "bloc" is impeding and will continue to impede the entire legislative program of the Senate. These gentlemen, both Republicans and Democrats, were elected on straight party platforms and were expected by the voters who elected them to carry out the principles and policies of their respective parties. Immediately upon their election they deserted their parties, and today are doing the very thing to which I called attention—which is to nullify the effect of party elections and party platforms and pledges. From the date of their election, regardless of the principles of the party under whose banner they were elected, they have put themselves in position to kill any bill introduced by either party, which gives them a complete domination over their own parties and the entire Senate. This is now causing the leaders of both parties to attempt to work out some method of holding membership true to pledges to carry out party and administration policies. The only workable solution that has yet been made is some form of written agreement of each candidate to his party or to his principals, the voters, by whom he is selected as agent.

Very truly yours,
FRANK REILLY.

The Illumining Light of Luxor

Continued from page 455

various other scientific subjects, and books on history which fully justify the declaration of Egyptian priests to the Greek philosopher Solon: "You Greeks are mere children, talkative and vain; you know nothing at all of the past." He referred to Egypt.

The Egyptians worshipped animals and felt that the soul must have possession of the body. With the use of oils, resins, bitumen and various aromatic gums, the bodies were preserved in rock-hewn tombs for centuries. The cliffs along the valley back of Thebes, the great capital of Egypt, reek with historical interest.

The Pharaohs reigned in Egypt until the conquest of the country by Alexander the Great. During the first dynasty the capital was removed from Memphis to Thebes. The Great Pyramid at Gizeh—"the greatest mass of masonry that has ever been put together by mortal man"—is reflected in the massive jaw and determined features shown in the statue to Khufu, the builder. We think of the history of our country, even reaching back to the discovery of Columbus, as a long time ago, but now it seems but a day in the story of the human race and the beginning of Ancient Egypt.

The tombs of the Pharaohs have been called the "Dowry of the Dead," for the Egyptians believed that the soul, as well as the body, needed food and drink—and provided for it. The sharp angles of Egyptian art stand out imperishably silhouetted in the dawn of history, with a new meaning.

The Egyptians excelled in the building art. In the cutting and shaping of enor-

mous blocks of the hardest stone they achieved results which modern stone cutters can scarcely equal. How the obelisk was chiseled has baffled modern engineers. The sacred scarabaeus was reproduced in gold carvery with lines so delicate that it is almost certain magnifying glasses must have been used in the work.

The valley of the Nile is inundated every year. The river begins to rise in June and by the end of November has returned to its bed, leaving the fields covered with a film of rich earth, which has made it known as the granary of the East the world over. It was the land sought by the children of Israel in time of famine. From the valley of the Nile flows immortal memories associated with the creation of civilization in ancient times.

The cloudless and brilliant skies of Egypt invited them to the study of the heavenly bodies. No wonder that the Egyptians knew the changing cycles of the stars and established the sidereal year, consisting of three hundred and sixty-five days, which is used today, and the calendar that Julius Caesar introduced into the Roman Empire. The measurement of Time itself harks back to the lights of Luxor and the story of the Nile, on to the plains of Upper Egypt with its rainless days.

The details of this discovery created a rush to all the libraries for books on Egyptian lore and made everyone feel that education in ancient history had been sadly neglected, but the pages of Egyptian history are no longer skimmed and skipped. In the

light of new discoveries of war chariots of gold in the temple of King Eno, the useless wastes and ravage and wreckage of war in the recorded scroll of history, is brought home to the world today. Victory glimmers only meant building one nation upon the wreckage of another nation.

Out of the Great War comes the thought—that there is room enough on earth for all of God's people. Build up the lands and homes of those in misfortune without wrecking and taking away to ruin. The one thing that endures in all history is honor. The craving for mental and spiritual development has ever lived in the human soul. Wealth and luxury lying before the hearth in indolent satisfaction of self is drifting back to the craving of animal appetites and pleasures. Ancient Egypt is teaching a lesson to the world.

In the dust of ages past, there seems to come an echo of the dream immortalized in Lincoln's words—"A government of the people, for the people and by the people." The heart of human-kind has hoped and loved on generation after generation, drawing closer and closer together until the spirit of brotherhood, which can never exist amid the clash of arms, is realized.

The stars in their courses over the blue skies of the Nile have mirrored in the green waters of the floods a picture the world has ever hungered for—a common faith, a belief in a common God without the clash of creed or race, suffused with the spirit of the Nazarene. In faith, after all, the individual is known and understood by Divinity that has ever shaped the human life.

Albert B. Annun,
Annunzio

Wm. Lausig. *Wm. Lausig.*

Thomas A Edison

Thos. Dewey
Amherst College

By the Court. *Howarth*

Henry Dood

Marvin. Hughitt 8

By Personal Show. *As usual.*

Casey Jones - B. & O.



Elmer Hanko

Next moon Spring mnd,

By Ben Carson Esq.

Yours as ever
(ROBERT BURGESS) Bob He

Ch. W. Bayard Lewis

Lawrence H. Lawrence. 2

Jack C. F.

Probably Joe Mitchell Chapple knows personally More Famous People than Any Other Man in the World.

—The London Daily Mail, Paris Edition

президент.

James Bryce
under Graham Bell

John J. Pershing.

tolerance & D. Grant
1882

Harry Houdini

John Wesley

H. D. Wilcox

John Deane,
22

George Hanning

Mary Nickerson

Mabel T. Boardman.

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Can You Decipher *the* Autographs of Celebrities?

The widely varied characteristics of humankind are disclosed in the Signatures of Famous People

OBSERVERS of human nature long ago decided that human character is read almost as readily in the signature as in the portrait of an individual. Early Egyptian symbols served for a method of communication and record, but it was the development of these symbols, resembling stenographic notes, out of which handwriting and signatures were evolved. We are reverting back to type as it were.

The pictures and symbols developed into wedge-form writing, and the transition from the picture to the phonetic stage was early made, but the transition from this to the alphabet came in the days of Babylonia. People then began to sign their own individual names, exercising individual prerogative first as kings, and then came the development of a personal signature.

The signing of a will or deed is the hieroglyphic communication of the person himself to that paper for all time—a vow eternal, pledged with all the power and right of the individual. Consequently, there has ever been a lively interest in signatures.

Next to meeting and mingling with prominent people in person, comes correspondence. In my editorial work, meeting celebrities has developed

into a hobby; a vocation has been continued with an avocation. Meeting thousands of celebrated people, letters have been received by the editor of the NATIONAL, not merely perfunctory acknowledgments, but letters that reflect the personality in the signature. A group of a few of these autographs is an interesting study in the analysis of character.

On the opposite page is presented some of the autographs attached to letters received in the editorial work and personal communications. Some are clearly legible and others are not. We are offering a prize of \$5 to the reader who will successfully decipher all the signatures on this page, and is the first to send the list to the editor of the NATIONAL.

This plan was suggested by one reader who saw the signatures and insisted that these autographs were one of the most interesting puzzles he had ever tried to solve. Every signature represents an eminent personality in some walk or activity of life, and has lived or is living within the past twenty-five years.

Other signatures will be added later when the cryptic autographs are deciphered. History has been called a bundle of biographies, and with every biography is expected a signature of the

book which is studied by the reader in connection with the personality. The schoolboy scrolls his name in the book. The only thing that a human being possesses absolutely, and can never lose, is his name or her name, and that name is most intimately known by the signature.

Some of the readers of the NATIONAL have written that they were going to make a study of people through autographs, and add a new feature to the magazine "mostly about people," and ask for autographs. It is now something more than a mere autograph fad.

A prize of \$10 and a "Heart Throb" book will also be offered to the person who sends in the best five-hundred-word biography of any name included on this page whom they most admire as a celebrity.

Now is the time to choose your favorites! The NATIONAL MAGAZINE will contain a series of these biographies from readers, which will prove an interesting feature for the coming months in the magazine devoted to the policy of "Mostly About People." If there are any names that you think should be included in the list, let us know who you think should be included and we will plan to have them join the magic autograph circle of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

From a Connecticut Hill Farm to the Executive Mansion

Continued from page 448

In the history of that critical time two great names stand out—George Washington, the Father of His Country, and Jonathan Trumbull, War Governor of Connecticut.

And since that time, so fateful in the history of the nation, a long line of honored men have held the high office of chief executive of this—one of the earliest of the New England colonies.

To sit in the gubernatorial chair, there in the Assembly Hall under the dome of the State House in Hartford, looking across that great expanse of peopled space to meet the inscrutable and austere gaze of Washington himself, is to sit in the midst of an august unseen company, among the manes of those who have gone before.

Not lightly does any man aspire to that high honor—not lightly do the sovereign citizens of that old state choose the man they consider worthy to occupy that chair.

Colorado River Commission at Work

Continued from page 452

Commission. Those who know him well, say he is "the salt of the earth." He was ably assisted by Dr. John A. Widstoe, of the International Dry Farming Congress. Dr. Widstoe is an expert on plant growth and an author and educator of note. He is one of the twelve apostles of the Mormon Church and is one of the gentlest and rarest souls of the land.

The Commissioner of Wyoming, Frank C. Emerson, came from the State Engineer's office at Cheyenne. He was the Boy Commissioner, being the youngest of a group in which gray hair was plentiful. He had read of Alexander, and with the assurance of youth, came alone without counselors, to battle single-handed for the waters

of the Colorado. Keen of eye, eager for the fray, he took an active part. Perhaps his assurance was well taken, for he was no weakling and knew well the needs of his state.

By the side of the chairman sat the executive secretary of the commission, Clarence C. Stetson. He was the man who kept the machinery of the conference well oiled and in good repair.

The United States Reclamation Service was keenly interested in the work at hand, and Dr. Arthur Powell Davis, its director, one of the foremost irrigation engineers of the world, met with the Commission. He is a nephew of Major John Wesley Powell, early explorer of the Colorado, knows more about that river than any other man, and was frequently called upon for information. The legal angles from a Federal standpoint, were in charge of Chief Counsel Ottamar Hamele, of the Reclamation Service.

Such were the men directly and indirectly in the big job of unravelling the tangles of the Colorado through a compact: The treaty of Santa Fe, signed in the Ben Hur Room of the Old Governor's Palace, Santa Fe, New Mexico, on November 24, 1922, by the Commissioners of the various states and approved by Secretary of Commerce Hoover as the representative of the Federal Government.

In the Land of Buffalo Bill

Continued from page 456

place our right feet on the railing, and order—ginger ale!

This room, and indeed the greater part of the hotel, is preserved just as it was when Buffalo Bill lived. All about us are hung wonderful scenes of Indian battles, deer hunts, prairie wagons, and an occasional elk or buffalo, mounted and standing with head lowered, ready for action. All up the stairways are photographs and oil paintings of Buffalo Bill himself. But, as if to add realism to the scene, when we make our

exit we are met outside of the door by two sturdy little fellows, who carry between them a bucket filled with ice. And carefully wedged in between the lumps are what they tell us are: "Ice-cold-bottles-of-soda-pop — they-don't-make-'em-any-better-in-Cody—don't-you-wanter-buy-some?"

Of course we do, in spite of our recent helpings of ginger ale, and as we drink strawberry soda from the bottles in truly "roughneck" style, we ask the names of the little fellows. Before anyone else gets a chance to reply, the two, holding up their little heads, announce, *sotto voce*, "Grandsons of Buffalo Bill." True enough, the natives tell us that these are the nine-and eleven-year-old sons of Irma, for whom the hotel was named. Thinking to have a little fun, we ask them:

"Can you ride a horse like your granddaddy?"

With an expression born of contempt for weakness and a scorn for such ignorance, the elder scion of old Buffalo Bill throws back his head and regards us as much as to say, "Where in thunder did you come from?" Then, resting the pail on the sidewalk and brushing the dust from his sheepskins, he pulls out a red kerchief from his hip pocket and puffs up his chest with all of the pride of a eleven-year-old Cody and informs us:

"Ride a horse! Shucks! Haven't I been breaking in a colt all day?"

To use the popular slang phrase, we are properly "squelched." Here is something that we have to take back with us, not only to the Cody Inn, where, an hour later we rest our heads on the comfy pillows, but home with us "for keeps."

And when we have gone off to the land of dreams, our musings are in the form of a question: Shall we go back to the world in the morning, or shall we return to the glorious country of the Yellowstone?

We jingle the coins—the big silver dollars, a few hundred of which weigh nigh onto a ton—that remain in our pockets. Oh, what's the use? We have our tickets home. We're going back to Yellowstone in the morning.

Executive Triumphs of George B. Cortelyou

Constructive career of one who understands public service. Secretary to Presidents, three times Cabinet Minister, George B. Cortelyou has won many executive triumphs

ONE cannot recall the great days of the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations in the history of the country without recalling George Bruce Cortelyou. His career has been an inspiration to thousands of American youth. Born in New York in '62, the son of Peter C. Cortelyou, he graduated from the Hempstead (Long Island) Institute and the State Normal School at Westfield, Massachusetts, attended the New England Conservatory of Music, and later studied law in Washington.

Not long after he began his business career, he was appointed secretary to the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General. When Grover Cleveland sent to the Postmaster-General for an expert stenographer and secretary, young Cortelyou was despatched to the White House. He was soon an indispensable man. In the early days of the McKinley administration he just seemed to know how to do things quietly and help everybody. He had a kindly, gentle way, and yet back of it was the force, vigor and virility that won the heart of Roosevelt.

When the avalanche of callers descended upon McKinley, it was George B. Cortelyou who knew how to handle them and reflect the kindly spirit of McKinley. All during the McKinley administration he was the right hand of the President, continuing as such until the last days.

As a young man, he never knew a limitation of effort when there was something to do. He was the first to introduce business methods at the White House, seeing that letters received in the morning were answered before night. He systematized the work so that each stenographer could read the notes of the others.

He was re-appointed by President Roosevelt, and was the first Secretary of Commerce and Labor. From there he was called to serve as chairman of the Republican National Committee, conducting the campaign resulting in Roosevelt's election in 1904. Later he became Postmaster-General and Secretary of the Treasury. He has the record of holding more cabinet portfolios under one President than any other man in the history of the country. After his retirement, he was prominently mentioned as a candidate for President—and he had the confidence of the people.

When he retired from public life he accepted the presidency of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York, and also became actively identified with other prominent business interests in New York. In his new field of work he has been as eminently successful as in his public service, for George B. Cortelyou bases all his operations, first, on the human equation.

Quiet, unobtrusive, devoted to his friends, always appreciative of service and efficiency, of high purpose and clean-cut character, George B. Cortelyou is seldom mistaken in his judgment of men. There are those with him today who started with him in his almost meteoric career. He never forgets a friend or a favor. He under-

stands the working of the mass mind and has ever been a keen interpreter of public opinion.

His public addresses are replete with that sound common sense which has characterized his life work. Although gray has crept into that shock of pompadour hair that surmounts the soft, twinkling, dark eyes, he remains the same George B. Cortelyou, an exemplar of American citizenship in its highest and best sense.

He lives near the old home place on Long Island, and has been honored with degrees by many colleges and universities. In spite of all this, he continues to serve as vice-president and trustee of the New England Conservatory of Music, for the young man who could handle the typewriter keys and the stenographic pencil can use those same hands in playing the compositions of the masters. In music, as in business, he concentrates on that which is best. His hands have ever been busy in helping others, and many have found him a friend in their need.

Each recurring anniversary of President McKinley's birth brings a reminder of the loyalty and devotion of George Bruce Cortelyou in an appropriate floral emblem which he never forgets to have placed at the tomb of the former President in Canton, and in distributing to his busi-

ness associates carnations, McKinley's favorite flower. He was a speaker at the dedication of the McKinley Birthplace Memorial at Niles. A chronicle of the life and times of William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt will never be complete without including a tribute to the quiet, unobtrusive worker behind the scenes, who did so much during those eventful years.

There has always been something in the career of George Bruce Cortelyou that indicated his understanding of men, and that he is a keen and ever sympathetic student of men. It matters not whether it be notables or workmen, men of fame or unknown, he just seems to understand. The unflinching courtesy given to all who entered the White House or the offices of the various departments over which he presided, set a new standard for Washington etiquette. He it was who first established the system of dispatching in the White House, for he could take stenographic notes on his cuff. He also established the precedent of answering every letter promptly and courteously on the same day as received.

The standard of system and efficiency he established has served him well in these later days of trying to bring together the tangled threads of war time operations.



GEOERGE B. CORTELYOU, President of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York, presenting purses to four old employees of the company in recognition of long and faithful service, on the occasion of the annual outing of the Gas Company's Employees' Mutual Aid Society

FILIBUSTER

TALK is cheap and what a pity,
 When we've got so much on hand;
 If it had a modest value,
 Some near statesmen could command
 Funds enough to finance Europe,
 Pay the debts of Uncle Sam,
 But they can't, and 'tis a pity
 Most talk isn't worth a (?);
 Yet, talk functions in the Senate,
 Sometimes in the House as well,
 Filibuster's what they call it—
 Fili Buster, will you tell
 Why you block the path of progress?
 "Jam the traffic," "Foul the play?"
 You're a cussed nuisance, Buster,
 No, you haven't come to stay.
 There's a time, we see it looming
 In the nation's purpose, when
 Merely glib, unlimbered bellows
 Will not thwart the plans of men.

—H. Ross Ake.

Paul Pearson—the Chautauqua Impressario

Continued from page 460

on a small scale, was secured, and the recent astounding growth of the movement resulted.

Figures show that 11,867,600 different persons attended 14,715 Lyceums in the United States and Canada; and that 10,546,500 different people attended 8,581 Chautauquas; 76,695 Lyceum performances and 85,885 Chautauqua programs were held; 5,148,600 persons bought Chautauqua season tickets; 4,453,500 bought Lyceum course tickets. Every state in the Union has a Chautauqua. About 21,000,000 different people attend the Lyceum and Chautauqua, and the total aggregate attendance, which means that the same persons attend several times during a season, is just a trifle short of 75,000,000.

These figures show in a striking way the growth of the liberal and democratic elements in our national life, developed by hard knocks through the zeal and determination of men like Paul Pearson of Swarthmore.

Walter Scott of New York

Continued from page 472

official presentations by the Exposition managers up to that time having been to the official heads of visiting societies, delegations, etc.

On Christmas Day, 1922, Mr. Scott received the "Freedom of the City," in the form of a huge key, from the Mayor of Holyoke, Massachusetts (where he is a frequent and much-feted visitor), in recognition of his deep and abiding interest in, and generous support of, various local charities and organizations.

Into whatever Mr. Scott does—be it work or play—he throws himself with tremendous enthusiasm. And he *can* play. He is an ardent lover of the great outdoors, and for many years, both in the spring and fall, has enjoyed a sojourn at his cabin in the heart of the Maine woods where, apart from the cares and anxieties of a too busy life, he communes with Nature the great healer. Every moment is spent in the fresh air and the sunshine, and there are fish and fish stories.



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Necessity made the United States a nation of pioneers. Development came to us only by conquering the wilderness. For a hundred and fifty years we have been clearing farms and rearing communities where desolation was—bridging rivers and making roads—reaching out, step by step, to civilize three million square miles of country. One of the results has been the scattering of families in many places—the separation of parents and children, of brother and brother, by great distances.

To-day, millions of us live and make our success in places far from those where we were born, and even those of us who have remained in one place have relatives and friends who are scattered in other parts.

Again, business and industry have done what families have done—they have spread to many places and made connections in still other places.

Obviously, this has promoted a national community of every-day interest which characterizes no other nation in the world. It has given the people of the whole country the same kind, if not the same degree, of interest in one another as the people of a single city have. It has made necessary facilities of national communication which keep us in touch with the whole country and not just our own part of it.

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The song of the birds, the noise of the brook, and the whispering of the wind in the trees are alike music to his ears, and he invariably returns to his duties refreshed in mind and body.

Mr. Scott believes in hobbies—from the standpoint of relaxation from business cares, if from no other—and for many years one of his activities along these lines has been the collecting of historical manuscripts and autographs of famous men and women, with the result that his large collection is considered a most interesting and valuable one.

It is needless to say that Mr. Scott measures money not from a material standpoint, but in terms of the good it can accomplish. His practice is to give flowers during life when, as he has often been heard to remark, "their beauty can be enjoyed and their fragrance inhaled." And he is a whole-hearted and tireless giver—never so

happy as when performing a kindly act. In fact, those who know him best say he receives more happiness out of his good deeds than he gives.

In spite of the fact that he shares the trials and sorrows of a large number who confide in him, perhaps Mr. Scott's outstanding characteristic is cheerfulness. He believes that "the merry heart doeth good like a medicine." On the fly-leaf of a book presented to him many years ago was inscribed the verse: "Keep your face ever toward the sunlight and the shadows will fall behind." And he took these words for his life-motto, writing them in ineffaceable characters on his heart.

Mr. Scott has one daughter, Edith Scott Magna, who is a follower in her father's footsteps, and who is well known for her philanthropic work, her writings, her singing, and her deep interest in the Daughters of the American Revolution and various patriotic organizations.

TICKLING *the* NATION

*Humor—best ORIGINATED during "bright college years,"
but best APPRECIATED in the years that follow*



Nick—Never ask a girl for the makings.
Dick—Why not?
Nick—They're too careless. They carry their tobacco all mixed up with powder and rouge.
—Iowa State Green Gander.

First Englishman—Charley, did you hear that joke about the Egyptian guide who showed some tourists two skulls of Cleopatra—one as a girl and one as a woman?
Second ditto—No, let's hear it.
—Michigan Gargoyle.

"Maybelle certainly has wonderful presence of mind."
"Well, she got away with some pretty good ones of mine, too."
—Stamford Chaparral.

Maggie—The garbage man is here, sor.
Professor (from deep thought)—My, my, tell him we do not want any today.
—Princeton Tiger.

She—Do you like fish balls?
He—Don't think I ever attended any.
—Purple Cow.

Mrs. Cohen—Dis life guard saved your life, Cohen. Shall I giff him a dollar?
Mr. Cohen—I vas half deadt ven he pulled me out. Giff him fifty cents.
—Puck.

Bank Teller—I've left my combination at home.
New Steno—Heavens! I'd think you'd be frozen without it.
—Michigan Gargoyle.

BARBER—YOUR HAIR IS GETTING GRAY, SIR.
CUSTOMER—WELL, I'M NOT SURPRISED. HURRY UP.
—Virginia Reel.

Hard Working Negro—Say, boss, has you got my name on yoah pay roll?
Yes. It's Sampson, isn't it?
No, suh. Mah name is Simpson. I've been wonderin' why you-all makes me work so hard.
—Iowa State Green Gander.

Chem. Prof.—Every day we breathe oxygen. And what do we breathe at night?
Prep—Nitrogen.
—Iowa State Green Gander.

"JULIET AT AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW"
By WILLIAM SHAKES-A-WICKED-SPEARE
Scenery: Below—Romeo and Bushes, intermingled.
Above—A window.
Far above—Stars.
All around—Gloom.
Time Bedtime.
(Juliet appears at window blowing smoke rings at the stars.)
Romeo (aside)—Ah me, is this my lady love?
She must have washed her powder off. Oh, that I were a can of paint To help make Julie what she ain't!
Juliet—My heart beats faster as it slips toward Romeo. He's got hot lips!
Romeo—She loves me! She's a false alarm. But to kid her along will do no harm.

(upwards)
Oh, Juliet, your eyes are bright.
Your lips are red as cherries.
I love the freckles on your nose.
Mon Dieu! You are the berries!
—Bowdoin Bear Skin.

THE ROLL OF HUMOR

The largest number of contributions for the February page was selected from the
Nebraska Awgwan

BEGGAR—KIND SIR, WILL YOU GIVE ME A DIME FOR A BED?
ABE (CAUTIOUSLY)—LET'S SEE THE BED FIRST.
—Michigan Gargoyle.

Dauber—Brushem paints some very realistic work, doesn't he?
Kanvass—Yes. Last March he painted an apple and I heard someone today say it was rotten.
—Judge.

WHEN CUPID HITS THE MARK HE GENERALLY MRS. IT.
—Iowa State Green Gander.

Second-Hand Rose—Tell me, my pot of wild honey, what is a paradox?
Dapper Dan—Your own case, my dear. You've never raised a mustache, but you have had one on your lips continually since you were sixteen.
—Carnegie Tech Puppet

Prof.—Why didn't you come to class today? You missed my lecture on appendicitis.

She—Oh, I'm so tired of organ recitals.
—Mugwump.

Maria (waking at 3 a. m.)—John, John, get up, the gas is leaking!
John—Aw, put a pan under it and come back to bed.
—Iowa State Green Gander.

"Is this a second hand store?"
"Yessum."
"Well, I want one for my watch."
—Virginia Reel.

Eve—S'matter, Adam? Why so restless?
Adam—Dawgonit, I used poison ivy for my winter overcoat.
—Punch Bowl.

"Tea or coffee?"
"Coffee without cream."
"You'll have to take it sir, without milk, sir; we're out of cream."
—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

Woman Tourist—So this is Alaska?
Bored Guide—Nome.
—Sun Dodger.

"How is it that you spend your allowance so fast?"
"I'm helping out these Eskimos by buying their pies."
—Cornell Widow.

Englishman (eating a fish-cake for the first time)—I say, old chap, something has died in my biscuit.
—Punch Bowl.

"Pa, what is preparedness?"
"Preparedness, my son, is the act of wearing spectacles to breakfast when you know that they are going to have grape-fruit."
—Lyre.

HINTING

Jim—She minds her husband very well. She can even foretell his every desire.
Jam—What makes you think so?
Jim—She shortened her skirt when he said "Ahem!"
—Awgwan.

A TEDDY BEAR SAT ON THE ICE,
AS COLD AS COLD COULD BE;
HE GOT UP AND WALKED AWAY,
"MY TALE IS TOLD," SAID HE.
—The Flamingo, Denison Univ.

Loyalty to Family, Firm and Farm

Continued from page 464

that it is just a matter of being willing to work, and being sure that you are in the field of activities that give most pleasure, as well as profit, in work. Enthusiasm! Why, he can grow more enthusiastic over a sheep's pelt than some scholars over a parchment, and knows more about the philosophy of life than some who have the diplomas made out of the sheep's pelt.

"Loyalty" is the word in Edson White's career—loyalty to his job, his firm, his family and his country, realizing that every year provides greater opportunities than the year that has passed, and that there's more room at the top for the ambitious young man than ever before—if he is the right kind of young man—but that it takes long years of training, patience and a never-wavering belief in yourself and your friends.

John Orth, Pianist, Teacher and Composer

Continued from page 470

We read in *Girls*, the Franklin Square House magazine:

"Beside the wonderful program which John Orth presented to us at the Franklin Square House, he revealed his own big spirit in his appeal for contributions for the starving Russians. His own principle of living is based on one of the messages which Edward Everett Hale has left to us:

I am only One,
But still I Am one.
I cannot do Everything,
But still I can do Something,
And because I cannot do Everything
I will not refuse to do the Something that I can do.

As a result of his appeal, and his own offer to double the contribution made by the Franklin Square House, \$100 was sent to the Committee for the Russian Relief. Would that there were more John Orths in the world!

Nixon Waterman, the brilliant poet, said in the *Boston Traveler* recently:

"John Orth has grown to be a Boston institution. As composer for, and performer on, the piano, his fame, day by day in every way is growing wider and wider. Also he has a personality that is most inviting. The number of folks who are eager to say good things of him is legion."

The *Messenger* of New York says:

"Mr. Orth, in opening his big heart to nearly all reform causes, makes us think of the philosopher who said, 'Nothing human is foreign to me,' or, even more to the point, he falls under the category marked out by Lowell: 'They are slaves who dare not speak for the fallen and the weak.' We commend John Orth's type to other artists. They are no more busy than he is. A little of their spare time spent in genuine social service will inspire them with a reservoir of feeling, a well of soul, out of which they may the more sweetly sing, effectively compose, or picturesquely paint."

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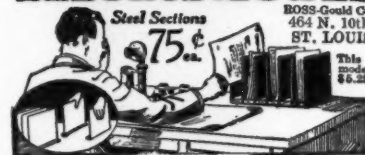
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